

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXIV.—No. 608.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th, 1908.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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TREES IN TOWNS

IN a recent issue of *The Times* newspaper it is argued with a considerable amount of knowledge that all the great English trees and a few of the most majestic of those that have been imported are doomed in towns to a lingering death, and that as long as the present conditions last it will be impossible to replace them. The contention, of course, is that when these trees were planted the air of the towns, particularly of London, was comparatively pure. There was neither the size nor the consumption of coal to cause those opaque clouds of smoke that now hang over the town, which produce results that are defined and clearly understood. The effect is as bad as that which results from over-crowding. The pores of the plant are coated with carbon or soot, so that its respiration is seriously interfered with, and, in the second place, the same ingredient of smoke that gets into the human throat has an evil effect on the bark and leaves. The tissues are eaten into by sulphurous acid. Last of all, it spoils the sunlight. Anybody coming into London on a fine day in early winter must be impressed by the effect produced upon vegetation. How often have we left at a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles out of the metropolis a brilliant sunshine from a sky of unclouded blue, and on arriving within the four-mile radius have found everything enveloped in such a thick fog that it is almost impossible to traverse the streets, even with the aid of electric light. At such times we are so apt to commiserate the unfortunate human beings who have to go about and transact their business in this murky darkness that we forget the injury which must be done to all vegetable life within reach of the smoke-laden fog. It may be, of course, that in future, when the eyes of townspeople have been opened to the

possibility of rendering the place where their business is transacted beautiful and healthy, the smoke nuisance may be abated; but until that happy time comes, it will probably be worse than useless to plant any of those great trees which are at present the glory of London, for it must be admitted that the greatest city in the world has in the process of its growth been far from neglectful of that country beauty which Englishmen and Englishwomen have always loved.

The Londoner can drop out of the roaring and bustle of streets into the quietest and shadiest corners where the toil and turmoil of business seem stilled for ever or come only as a distant echo from worlds that he has lost sight of. As the town grows the preservation of the gardens and open spaces becomes of more and more importance, and one is thankful to believe that there is little danger of any serious destruction of such trees as now grow in London. But, then, many of them have now grown old; signs of decay are but too visible. Often has attention in these pages been called to the very obvious symptoms of disease that may be most easily noticed during spring in the Hyde Park trees, and Hyde Park suffers less than those similar open spaces that are in the heart of the city. The conclusion arrived at by the writer to whom reference has been made, is that it is useless to attempt planting the oak, beech, ash, sycamore, horse-chestnut, sweet chestnut, elm or lime, because "none of these can pass through adolescence undeformed and most of them will die in infancy." Yet, as we run over the list, we realise that it contains those that best embody the high majesty of trees. We can grow well many that are smaller and produce thereby an illusion of the country in the town. But the species recommended are less effective as great timber trees. There are four kinds of forest trees which may be grown—the Oriental plane, which gets rid of some of the evils of smoke by shedding its skin annually, the ailanthus, the acacia, and the poplar. If we come to small trees and shrubs, there are many which will grow with freedom in the midst of the town. The mulberry, the laburnum, the hawthorn, the almond—these are but a few that would rejoice the heart of the townsman with both blossom and verdure if encouraged to grow. No doubt it is better to have them than to be without altogether, but they can never give us the effect which is produced by the oak, the elm and other native British trees.

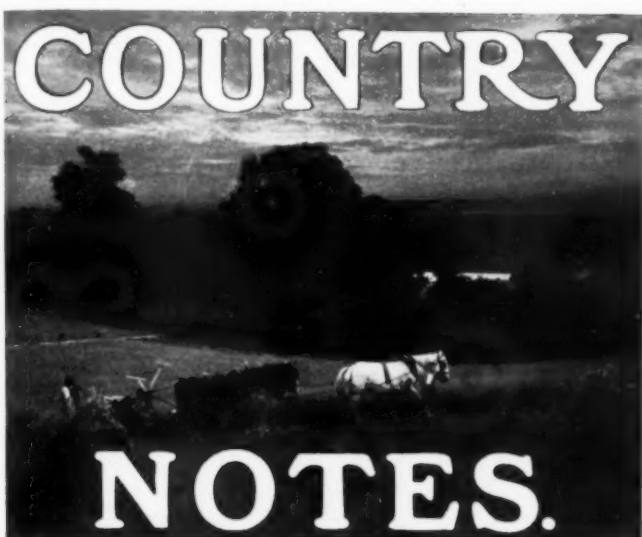
The question that arises, is how the British public can be awakened to a realisation of that which they have lost. Sometimes our feelings are relieved by sneering at our Early Victorian grandmothers and grandfathers, who are credited with a cult of ugliness; but are we any better? Whoever thinks so should be taken to a fashionable and newly-developed seaside watering-place. He will then behold a town, presumably, built for pleasure, since the aim in nineteen cases out of twenty of those responsible for erecting its houses has been to attract visitors. Its builders appear to have assumed, however, that the British householder does not care one single button about the outside of a building, for anything more hideous could scarcely be imagined than some of the dwellings which have been erected within the last few years, and which are being put up from day to day. Their very existence shows that this generation has very little right to sneer either at the Early Victorian or at anybody else. Thus it is by no means certain that when the case is presented means will be taken to lessen the smoke nuisance. Everybody agrees that it is abominable that a town should be wrapped in a thick fog which is poisonous alike to animal and vegetable life, which stunts the growth of the children and is gradually sapping the life of the great forest trees that our forefathers planted to remind them of the shady lanes whence they had come. Yet if the public conscience could be aroused the evil is by no means irremediable. There are many ways of enjoying the advantages of fire without smoke, and if the public opinion were sufficiently educated, it would be enough to say that no householder would be allowed to pollute the atmosphere. He would soon find means of satisfying his own ideas of comfort without coming under the ban of the law. Until something of this kind is done, it is hopeless to replace the trees that now are gradually dying away.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Nicol. Mrs. Nicol is the daughter of Macpherson of Cluny, and her marriage to Mr. Donald Nicol, son of the late Mr. Donald Nicol of Ardmarnoch, Argyll, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on July 8th last.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

AT the sale of the late Duke of Devonshire's Southdowns his successor made an important speech about the death duties. When he was Mr. Victor Cavendish the present Duke was a great supporter of that section of agriculture which is connected with the breeding of pedigree stock. He is still as enthusiastic as ever, but as the heir of many an estate he has found out that the payment of the death duties is a serious matter. He does not accept the theory of the Government, which, as put into words by the late Sir William Harcourt, is that when a rich man dies the State has the first call upon his property. Until the tenth, or whatever the proportion may be, has been paid into the Imperial Exchequer, the heirs and successors have no claim. Few who have given the matter a thought can possibly admit that this is a just contention, and the political economist may well consider what the ultimate effect of such a practice is going to be upon the energy and enterprise of our greatest citizens. On the comparatively poor families who have been left a matter of £2,000 or £3,000, the payment of £70 or £80 as death duties is an incontestable hardship.

Those boys who are at present in the bracing Northumbrian air learning the practical duties of scouting under the experienced guidance of General Baden-Powell, will be envied by the thousands of others who do not know what to do with their holidays. They are camping out in a manner much more Spartan than used to be the custom of Volunteers or is now the way of the Territorials. They were taken to a camp at Chollerford, and as soon as breakfast was over were sent out with axes, bill-hooks and cord to make the temporary huts in which they will reside during their period of training. The idea is to teach the lads to be entirely dependent upon themselves, as would be the case if they were actually engaged in warfare. Their first experience was a drenching rain in the middle of the night, which drove to shelter those who were trying the experiment of sleeping in the open air. But the vicissitudes of climate have always to be taken into account, and they do not seem to have had any injurious effect upon the health of the boys, who were reported to be full of spirit and energy, playing football and other games when not on duty. General Baden-Powell, however, knows how to make scouting itself the most fascinating of games.

Nearly every newspaper at present is finding room for a discussion of the merits and demerits of the sparrow. But what is really required is that the voice of the irresponsible correspondent should give place to that of authority. Our Board of Agriculture has not as yet fully recognised the immense importance of settling once and for ever the vexed question about the sparrow. Investigations have been made by private individuals and commented upon by experts, but they have never been exhaustive. Indeed, the facts are very conflicting. If the life of the sparrow be closely studied, from the beginning to the end of the year, it will be found variegated with good and evil. No one who has any practical acquaintance with agriculture will deny that the loss of good grain in autumn is enormous and can be ill-afforded by growers. But the sparrow cannot procure wheat and barley all the year round. What percentage do injurious insects form of its food in other portions of the year? How does it feed its young? And not the sparrow alone, but many other birds court the same investigation.

Our own opinion is that there is scarcely any winged creature that does not serve a useful purpose as long as it is not

allowed to increase too enormously in numbers, and there is not one which does not become a plague when it is allowed to breed unchecked. The examples that prove this are very familiar. Under certain circumstances no bird is more useful to farmers than the starling. Yet the starling, when pressed by hunger, becomes a ravenous eater of fruit, and many a poor market gardener has lost a great part of his return owing to its ravages. The rook, again, in moderate numbers is an efficient helper of the farmer, but when allowed to increase beyond a certain point, it devours the cereal crops, destroys roots, steals eggs and plays havoc in the stack-yard. Much natural history has been written about these and other birds; but, although the Government of Bavaria is entering upon a thorough-going study of this question, it has hitherto been neglected by the authorities in this country.

Just before the beginning of autumn the Board of Agriculture has issued a timely piece of advice about planting apple trees for the purpose of making cider. In spite of all that has been said during recent years, it is notorious that a large proportion of English orchards consist of old and practically useless trees, which ought to be grubbed up and replaced with vigorous young growth. Where cider is aimed at there is really very little difference in the treatment of an orchard from that of one designed for dessert or cooking fruit. The main point to remember is that cider, like every other wine, is "bottled sunshine," and therefore the trees should be planted so as to catch as many of the sun's rays as possible. Good cider cannot be obtained except from apples that have had this exposure. In the second place, the cider-grower likes to have grass in his orchard, although to do so is against the rules which are laid down at Woburn. But cider apples have generally to be shaken to the ground, and if they have a grassy carpet to fall on they can be subjected to this treatment without being over-bruised. The kinds to plant must vary with the soil and the district. The best ground for apples is undoubtedly that which consists of a good loam with a heavy clay subsoil, and, needless to say, about the worst is that where the gravel comes very near to the surface.

THE CASTLE.

The castle stands on its lonely rock
In a sweep of the northern sea,
And all around the grey dunes lie,
And the waters creep and the seagulls fly,
And mists drift eerily.

Where the sheer rock drops on the landward side
To the grey-green field below
(When rich red roses bloom in the south,
And the wild bee hangs at the woodbine's mouth)
The yellow tansies grow.

The tansy yellow is harsh and cold
And cold is the light of the sun,
For the bleak winds rob him of half his power,
He reigns but a brief midsummer hour,
And the northern summer's done.

Yet I love the castle old and grim
And I dream when far away
Of the long grey dunes and the wide grey sea,
And the breath of the north-wind keen and free,
And the seaweed smell from the bay.

CELIA CONGREVE.

"The appeal to the cow" is a salient phrase in the Blue Book dealing with the milk supply which has been issued by the Board of Agriculture. There are two grounds on which such an appeal is supported. One is that although milk may not contain the proportion of butter-fat and other solids which is required by the regulations, this may possibly be the fault of the cow, and not due to the conscious use of adulterants. We doubt very much if this is a plea deserving support. If the suggestion were carried out, it would undoubtedly lead to the popularisation of a very poor class of cow, such as the Dutch breed, that would give great quantities of milk of poor quality. The other ground is that the inspector might be able, by comparing the quantity of milk given during his visit with that which was sent out when the inferior sample was taken, to judge whether water had been added or not. There are practical difficulties in the way of doing this, and the authorities on the whole seem inclined to reject the "appeal to the cow."

So far as we have gone this season—and we have travelled through it some little distance—we have been enjoying quite a remarkable immunity from wasps. This is the more noticeable, because there is no doubt whatever that queen wasps in the spring were with us in unusual numbers. The explanation of the present merciful absence of the wasps and the former

abundance of the royal parents is not really very hard to find. We generally hear it attributed to the heavy deluges of the early part of July, which, it is said, washed out or drowned the young brood. No doubt this is perfectly correct; but what is even more to the point is that while the queen wasps were about, seeking for a place in which to start their nurseries, the weather was very dry. When this is the case the queens are apt to commence operations in most unfavourable places, as, for instance, under a clod in an open ploughed field. In such a situation as this, if the rain comes in far less heavy downpours than was the case in the first half of last July, there is no chance whatever for the wasp family to mature. On the other hand, if the spring is wet the queens seem much more inclined to search for a safe dry recess in which the colonies that they found are likely to flourish and be secure from all later rains.

Dublin Horse Show is a function with a character so entirely its own that we are glad to know how successfully it was opened during the present week and how good the exhibits are. There is a slight falling off in the number of entries; but it is explained by the exigencies of space, which, in Dublin as at the London Shire Horse Show, made it necessary to curtail the number of exhibits. To a considerable extent Ireland has felt the effect of motoring, for the motor-car has been taken up over there even more enthusiastically than on this side of the Channel, with the result that many have parted with their harness horses. Irish hunters and thorough-breeds are still, however, as popular as ever, and those shown during the week were calculated to yet further increase the reputation of Ireland for producing this class of animal. It has only to be added that Dublin has had the good fortune of attracting rank and fashion during the show week. Thousands look forward to the pleasant meetings which take place, and this no doubt has conduced very much to the success of the institution.

The most remarkable instance that we have yet heard of an animal's power of counting is that which a correspondent has lately forwarded to us. This quite unusual faculty was exhibited by an old pit-horse which worked for years in one of the Derbyshire coal-mines. Immediately on the signal of four raps on the bell being given for "snap"—that is to say, the eleven o'clock short interval for refreshment—the horse, without any human orders, would walk off to his feed trough; when the six raps sounded for the break off of work at three, he would go straight, again purely of his own will and intelligence, to his stable. By way of proof that the old horse received these signals by actual faculty of counting raps, and not by the mere knowledge (which animals sometimes show so surprisingly) of the hour, it is added that on a short working day, when the six raps were sounded at a different time, the horse at once accepted the six as a signal that he might go to his stable, though in point of time it was much nearer the hour of the interval commonly announced by the four raps for "snap." The horse had no driver with him, but was doing his work automatically.

Although not a Norfolk man by origin, the late Mr. Arthur Cole, Lord Enniskillen's brother, who died recently at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, had been identified for so long with the country and sporting interests of the East Anglian county that he had become regarded quite as a native, and his death will be felt as a great loss. He was best known, no doubt, as a breeder of hackneys, and was at one time president of the Hackney Horse Society; but he took a keen interest besides in all kinds of sport, in the agriculture of the county and in its cricket. He was fond of shooting and an admirable shot.

The farmer in Japan has always occupied a position of such importance—in the old days his status was second to that of the Samurai—that it is with some astonishment one learns how primitive still are his ways. Japanese agriculture has not been wholly stationary, but it has not been brought abreast of the times as might have been expected. Thousands of farmers are content if they are able to spend as much as 25 yen per month. It is estimated that with two and a-half acres a Japanese farmer can just manage to support a family of six; but he is not proportionately better off if he has two or three times that amount of land. Labour swallows up most of the extra proceeds. Living in a country where rice is the staple food may be cheap, but labour at 8½d. or more a day becomes a serious problem. There would seem to be a fine field open here for agricultural machinery and implements. According to a writer in a Japanese newspaper, till very recently farm implements were so scarce that weeding in the muddy rice-fields was often done by hand, or, at best, by an old three-pronged fork known as the "bear's claw."

Country life in the land of the Mikado is not as idyllic as some Western dreamers imagine. On the contrary, some of the

farmers' superstitions would seem to turn the country-side into a very pandemonium. Insects are naturally a greater nuisance in the East than with us; and the farmer thinks he can frighten them away by making day and night hideous with the beating of drums and gongs. He puts up charms, which he secures from the local temples, in the belief that the insect will be warned off—a quaint variant of the Western scarecrow. Agriculture plays its part in the conciliation of occult forces. During a certain festival the devotee is constrained to offer two cucumbers to the local deity, and, says the chronicler, as each village has its deity and each deity his special characteristics, these superstitions are surprisingly numerous. True believers will not eat the cucumber till they have done their duty to the deity. In times of plenty the sceptic gets the advantage, and when the priests put the offerings on the market it is easy to believe that cucumbers become a veritable glut.

Whatever may be the result of the cricket matches that are going on this week, it is now certain that the championship will go to Yorkshire, as the defeat of Gloucestershire last week put them in an impregnable position. Six times in ten years have they proved themselves the best team, and this is a fact that ought to go far in the way of silencing hostile criticism. A team of cricketers which can hold its own year after year, either at the top or close to the top, and which consistently vanquishes its opponents on all kinds of wickets, must possess merits that are absolutely undeniable. The only question now is whether they will be able to come out of the campaign with a clean sheet and retain that envied 100 per cent. which alone among the counties they now possess. The contest for second place is still so keen that it would be premature to forecast the issue.

LITTLE BOY.

So you sleep and will not waken,
All your pretty ways forsaken;
All your pets and games and toys,
Drums and things that made a noise,
Keeping all the house awake—
How we love them for your sake.
Now no drum, nor bagpipes wailing,
Reaches that wide sea you're sailing,
Far and far and far beyond
Yonder small and weedy pond,
All your ocean, till to-day,
Little Boy.

D. A. H.

The first bout in the battle for the championship of the world at chess has resulted very decidedly in favour of Dr. Lasker, as he won three games and lost one to Dr. Tarrasch. It is satisfactory that hitherto there has been no draw. The games themselves leave the student of chess in doubt as to what the result will be. In each case Dr. Tarrasch played a game at least equal to that of his opponent. Nobody would have preferred one game to the other at the adjournment after the first meeting. In the second game Dr. Tarrasch threw away what ought to have been a winning advantage. The third game he won, and in the fourth game he made a combination that turned out badly, and then, under the stress of time, blundered into a weak move. Notoriously Dr. Tarrasch is a bad starter, and it is just possible that in the second phase of the test Dr. Lasker will have his work cut out, although the chances of his winning ultimately are considerable.

Occasionally newspaper correspondents like to show the width of their reading by the employment of strange terms. An example is found in a letter in which Mr. Aymer Vallance criticises the changes that have been made in Hexham Abbey. In it occurred this phrase: "The avowed motive of all this is nothing else than the same fatuous lech for vistas." The Dean of Ripon, criticising this letter, supposes that the writer meant "fatuous lech," and Sir George Birdwood makes the further comment on it that Mr. Aymer Vallance's letter shows that he meant to use the exact word that he wrote, meaning by it a "priggish or foppish fancy," and certainly not using the word to mean an inordinate desire. Turning up the invaluable Murray, we find that the word "lech" is of obscure origin, and means a craving or longing, which corresponds to the sense in which it was used by Mr. Vallance. He has on his side the authority of De Quincey who wrote, "Some people have a 'lech' for unmasking imposters," Sir Henry Taylor, who said in his "Philip von Artevelde," "Then will the Earl . . . pardon us our lech for liberty," and Mr. Swinburne, who talks of those who have "no lech after Gods dead or unborn." Naturally the word was one on which the late Mr. W. E. Henley pounced. In spite of all this, we venture to think that not one person in a hundred had ever heard the word before Mr. Aymer Vallance used it.

THE YACHT BRYNHILD.

PRIOR to the adoption of the present rating rule, racing yachts were little more than shells, of no practical utility for anything but match sailing. In order to reduce weight to a minimum, furniture below decks was of the scantiest description, and before starting in a race everything movable, such as the men's cots and bedding, was sent ashore. They were racing machines pure and simple, and an owner who ventured to live on board would have been considered a veritable Spartan. Costing, perhaps, £10,000 to build, a first-class cutter of that type was not infrequently outclassed after a couple of seasons' racing, and being quite unsuitable for conversion into a cruiser, the vessel met her ultimate fate at the hands of the ship-breaker. This, of course, entailed a serious loss of capital to the owner, and the cost of the sport became so excessive that for some years first-class racing ceased

To combine successfully the best features of racer and cruiser in one craft was formerly deemed an impossibility; but Mr. C. E. Nicholson demonstrated the fallacy of that idea by designing and building in 1906 the big cutter *Nyria* to Lloyd's highest class. Although heavily constructed of teak, and fitted below decks as an up-to-date cruiser, she proved the most successful yacht of her year, easily defeating the famous Watson-designed *Kariad*. With such an object-lesson before them, the International Yacht Racing Union, when framing the present rules, did not hesitate to impose scantling restrictions, and it was ordained that in future all racing yachts must be built under the supervision of Lloyd's or the Bureau Veritas and classed for a term of years. Thanks to this judicious legislation, the racing craft of to-day is the finest that has yet been evolved. She is a happy combination of racer and cruiser, a vessel



West & Son.

SIR JAMES PENDER'S 23-METRE CUTTER BRYNHILD.

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to exist. The Yacht Racing Association long ago recognised the unsatisfactory nature of such vessels and, with a view to improving the habitability of racing yachts, introduced in the year 1900 a formula that encouraged displacement. The type of vessel evolved under that rule was in many ways an excellent one, but by neglecting to impose scantling restrictions the Y.R.A. defeated their own ends. The formula did not lend itself readily to "rule cheating," and the enterprising designer, always on the look-out for a loophole, turned his attention to light construction. Every pound of weight filched from a vessel's hull meant increased lead and sail carrying power, and an element of competition having been imported into the matter, the weight-saving policy was carried to excess. As a result of this whittling down of the scantlings, the hulls of yachts soon became too light to withstand the stress of racing, and craft that might otherwise have been comfortable to live aboard were rendered uninhabitable by their leaking propensities.

calculated to afford her owner good sport for a number of years and one upon which he and his friends can live with comfort throughout the season. When outclassed for racing purposes all that is necessary to convert her into an able cruiser is a slight reduction of sail area, and her sphere of utility is then considerably extended. Sir James Pender's 23-metre cutter *Brynhild* is a particularly fine example of the modern racing yacht. She was built last year by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson of Gosport, from the design of Mr. C. E. Nicholson, to race in the class against *White Heather* and *Nyria*. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length for rating purposes 80.8ft., beam 21.8ft. and draught 10.75ft. Her original sail area was 9,528 square feet, but she now carries about 100 square feet less. *Brynhild* is a handsome and able-looking vessel, and her moderate overhangs, accompanied by a generous freeboard, render her dry and comfortable in a seaway. Yachtsmen of the old school would probably consider the absence of bulwarks a detriment;

but the modern substitute—a low perforated rail—makes for safety rather than being a source of danger. The old-fashioned knee-high bulwark, in addition to unduly increasing the windage of the hull, held tons of water when a sea was shipped, which certainly was not conducive to a vessel's safety. A light rail as used on *Brynhild*, on the other hand, affords all the foothold that is necessary and permits any water that may come aboard to run freely off the deck. It may be argued that the high bulwark sheltered the owner and his friends from the wind and spray in heavy weather; but a far better substitute has been found in the now fashionable deckhouse companion. A sunken deckhouse of this nature, without in any way impeding the work of the crew, will accommodate six or eight persons, who have a clear view all round and yet remain dry and comfortable in the heaviest weather. Another modern improvement is the adoption of wheel-steering gear, which enables one man to steer a first-class cutter under weather conditions that would in the past have entailed the presence of four or five hands at the tiller-lines. It is, however, in the matter of habitability that the greatest strides have been made. In place of a leaky shell the racing yacht of to-day possesses accommodation that will compare favourably with that of a cruising craft of like tonnage. *Brynhild* is particularly well arranged below decks, and the owner's comfort has evidently been carefully studied by the designer. The accommodation includes a large saloon, a commodious after cabin, with bathroom adjoining, a comfortable cabin for the owner on the starboard side, two spare staterooms and a bathroom on the port side, and the deckhouse companion already referred to. The fo'castle is large and airy, providing sleeping accommodation for a crew of twenty-two hands, and the galley and pantry arrangements are on the most modern lines. Ornate decoration would be quite out of place on such a craft, but the various cabins have been furnished with excellent taste and a view to solid comfort. The carved panelling of the main saloon is enamelled white, as also is the furniture. Down one side



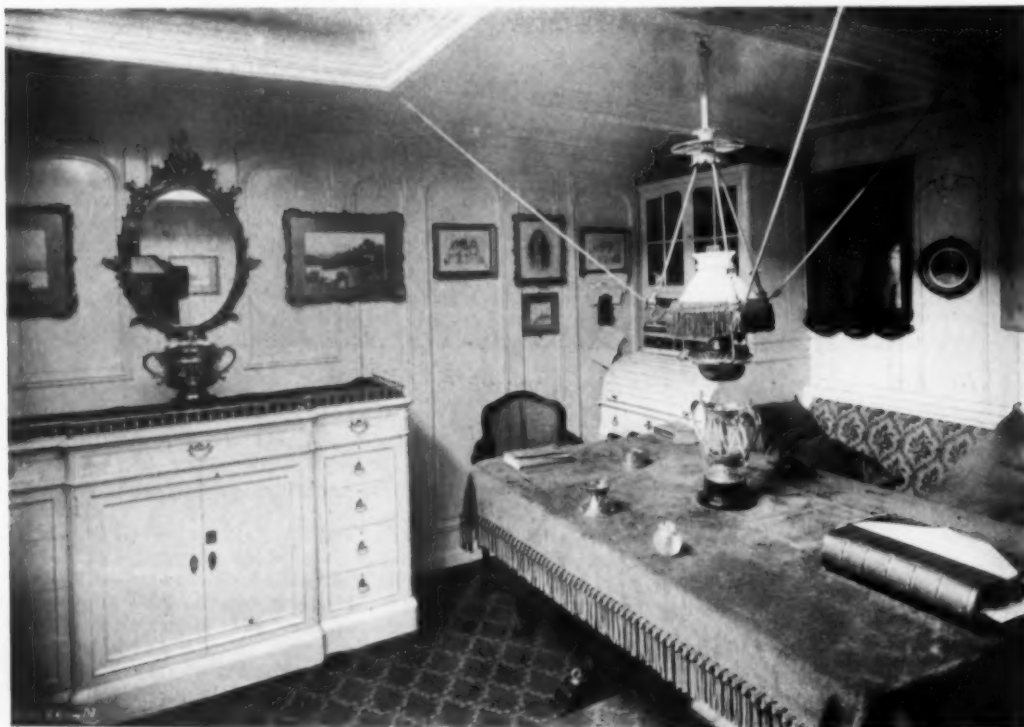
West & Son.

AFTER CABIN.

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runs a comfortable sofa, with a large swing table near at hand. A bureau-bookcase fills the corner, and a large sideboard is secured to the bulkhead. The walls are decorated with pictures, among which are noticeable portraits of the King and Queen, while on table and sideboard are handsome silver cups, souvenirs of past racing triumphs. The saloon is lighted by day by a skylight in the deck and bull's-eyes in the vessel's sides, while at night the necessary illumination is provided by a large hanging lamp placed above the table. Armchairs and a plentiful supply of cushions add to the general appearance of comfort and homeliness, which is enhanced by the presence of a few books and other trifles lying about haphazard. The scheme of decoration employed in the sleeping cabins is also carried out in white enamel. The after or ladies' cabin is a large and comfortable one fitted with two beds. The furniture includes a dressing chest with mirror, two sofas, a washstand and two large wardrobes. A bathroom adjoins the apartment, and should the steward's services be required he can be summoned by means of an electric bell. The owner's and guests' cabins are equally comfortable, and upon the general

internal arrangement of *Brynhild* it would be difficult to improve. During her first season the cutter was pursued by persistent ill-fortune, and she only credited her owner with one first prize. When launched her marks were found to be considerably immersed, and a quantity of lead was removed from her keel to bring her within her rating. This, however, proved to be an error of judgment, as the yacht was not sufficiently stiff to carry her large sail area. Owing to the loss of a hand while proceeding to the starting-line on the opening day of the season, *Brynhild* missed the whole of the Thames matches, and her season was brought to a premature conclusion by a similar fatality during Cowes Week. As the yacht was withdrawn from the class for a time while some alterations were carried out, she raced comparatively little last summer, and was never really in proper trim. During the winter she was taken in hand by her builders and thoroughly overhauled. Her masthead gear was considerably lightened, and some alterations effected to her



West & Son.

MAIN SALOON.

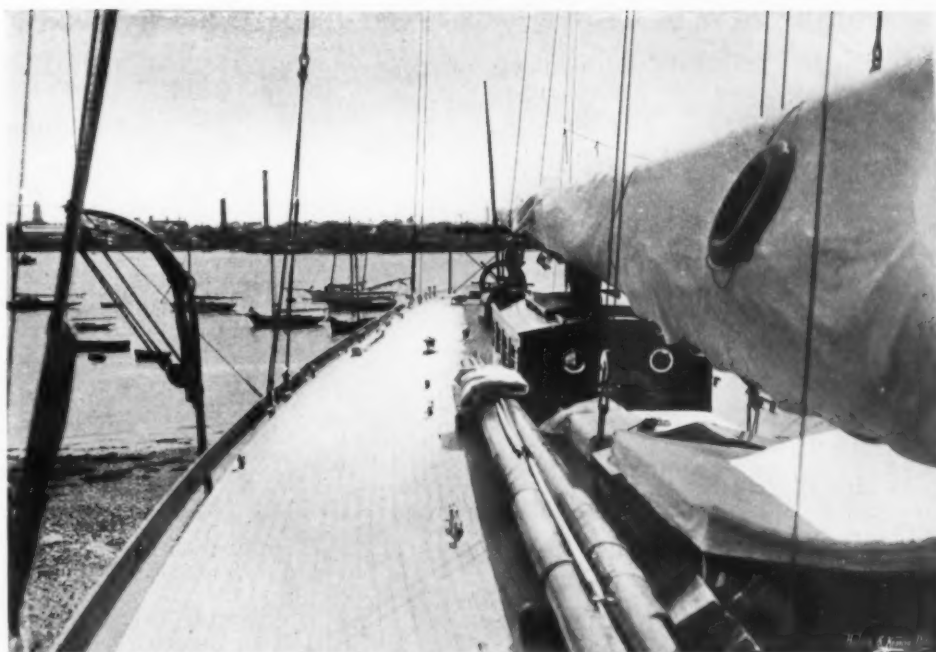
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under-water body, which left a margin in her rating for the addition of both lead and sail, while a particularly clever sailing master, Stephen Barbrook of Tollesbury, was appointed to the command of the vessel, which won the King's Cup at Cowes lately.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

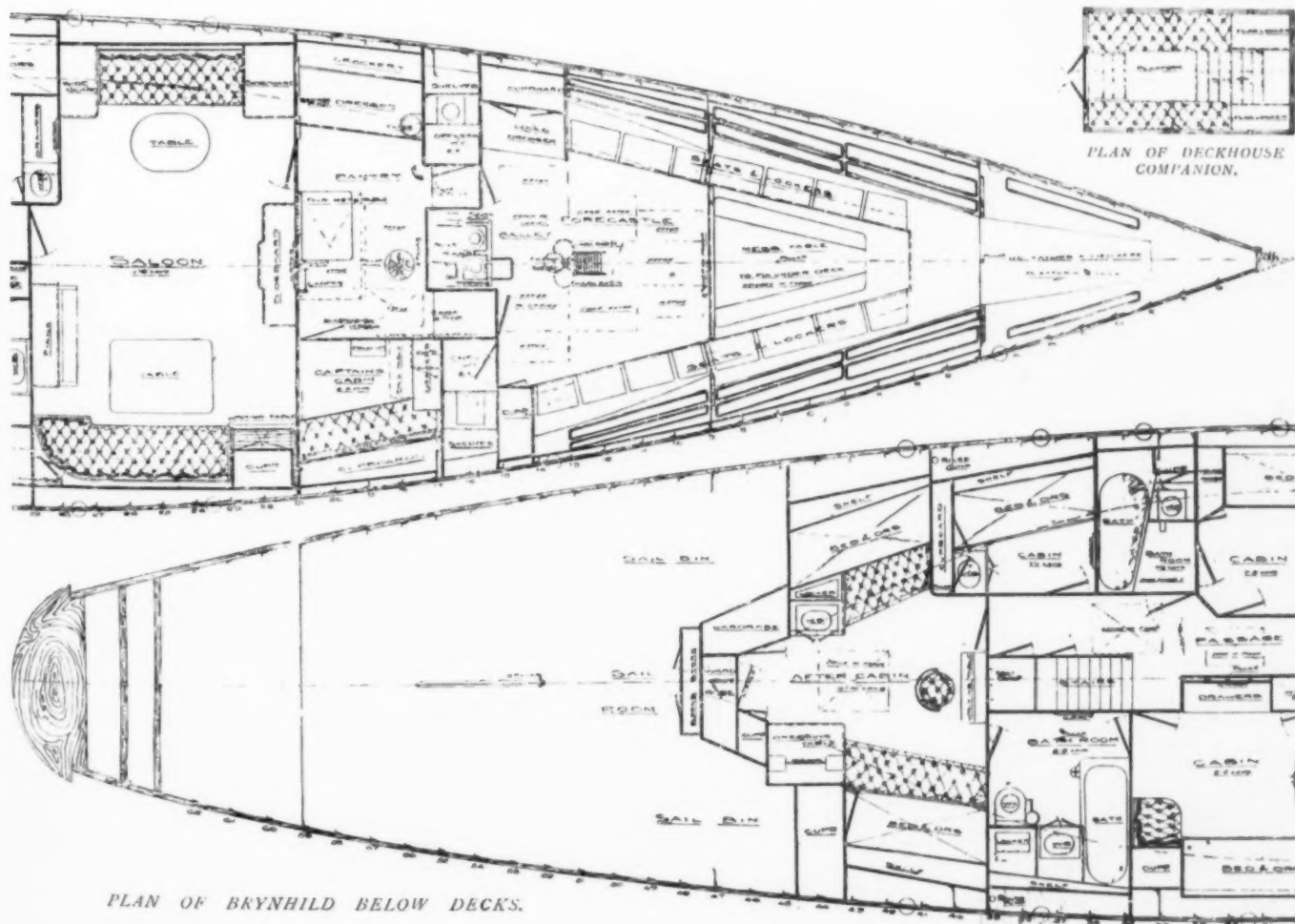
A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NOVELISTS generally have a prejudice against bringing a new book out in August, but it is probably ill-grounded. In August the happy holiday-maker is not so much engrossed in rural pursuits but that he likes a novel at his elbow to read in wet and vacant hours, and the aspect of the London streets shows that the migration to Scotland has not perceptibly diminished the crowds. Though clubs are empty, hotels are full. So the novelist who breaks through the usual custom and insists that the publisher shall bring his book out in August does not greatly suffer. At any rate, we cannot imagine that Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole is likely to suffer from the experiment. The gaiety and merriment of *Patsy* (Fisher Unwin) must raise it above the vicissitudes of time and season. It is indeed a striking proof of the versatility of the author of "The Blue Lagoon." For *Patsy* is a story and picture of contemporary Irish life. At least, that is the conclusion at which we have arrived after weighing such contradictory evidence as that one of the chief characters remembered Waterloo, and that cattle-driving was in full swing. There are bits of the tale that recall the rollicking style of Charles Lever; but Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has, to use a cricketing phrase, far more strokes than the author of "Charles O'Malley." He has the reckless Irish fun, the Irish devilment and vivacity, but with it a poet's taste for beauty and freshness alike in human character and natural scenery. Lever could not have drawn the Irish children of this book—Lord Gawdor, Doris and Selima. As much could



DECKHOUSE COMPANION.

not be said of Patsy Rooney, who is decidedly of the same family as Micky Free, and if possessed of any English relations, is probably first cousin to Sam Weller. Before Patsy went into domestic service he could "trap rabbits better than his father, keep ferrets and help to clean the guns." Not in these accomplishments, but in a resourcefulness and readiness of repartee for which we must turn to "Pickwick" for a parallel, lies the chief attraction of Patsy. And he belongs to the faithful and unfaithful, the poetic and illiterate, the cruel and tender, the illogical and laughing race of Irishmen. In less skilful and sympathetic hands than those of our author, the conclusion of the reader would be that the race is one of "damned savages." The old utterance of John Bright, "force is no remedy," was once their motto; among themselves they employ force daily. Patsy has his arm screwed and nearly wrenched out of its socket before he is tortured into the promise of becoming a traitor. He himself,



PLAN OF BRYNHILD BELOW DECKS.

when he got his opponent down in a boyish fight, "kneeling on his long arms, began to screw his knuckles against the jaws of his victim," and continued doing so until the latter confessed that he was "the son of the ould dunkey that grazes on the common" and the grandson of "the ould goose that grazes on the common." This kind of thing reaches its consummation in a scene that beggars Tamerlane and his "twenty miles an hour." The chief villain of the piece punishes the second villain for treachery by forcing him at the point of a pistol to act as his "dunkey." Mounted pick-a-back he shouts:

"Now you know why I put on me spurs. Jay up round the oak till I thrives your paces—jay up." He struck with his spurs, the rowels of which entered Con's thighs, and backwards with the whip, the butt of which struck Con's western extremity.

The truculent scoundrel, who has already several murders to his account, forces a red-faced English general to dance in the moonlight under a very similar threat, though it must be explained that his natural genius for bizarre situations was at the moment reinforced by a more than usually heavy load of whisky. It is a fine sign of Mr. Stacpoole's power that he can narrate things without exciting repugnance. The reader feels it to be all characteristically Irish. And, at any rate, the charm of the book takes away every semblance of brutality. The minor characters are continually in front of the stage. Dicky Fanshawe and Violet Lestrangle are hero and heroine of a pretty love-song, but it is no more than the thread on which the incidents of Irish life are strung. In the background the children are always playing, and what they are like may, perhaps, be gathered from the following fragment of a conversation that occurred when they were leaning on the stairs to watch the dishes go in to a great dinner:

"You know at afternoon tea to-day," said Doris, "when you upset that plate of cake and then juggled Miss Lestrangle's tea-cup half into her lap, I heard him saying to the Member of Parliament man, he said: 'I don't care whether they are children of a prince or the children of a kintutgar' (whatever that is), 'children all the world over are just the same,' and they are a damn nuisance."

"Hurroo! who's swore now?" cried Lord Gawdor.

"I didn't; I only repeated what he said, and Mr. Boxall said he agreed with him—"

"I say," cried Lord Gawdor, a happy recollection crossing his mind, "did you hear what Selima was saying all the time before gran'ma rang the bell for Biddy to take her out?"

"Yes; she was shouting, 'Grass-eye—grass-eye!' What did she mean?"

"I'd told her before tea that Mr. Boxall had a glass eye, and if she was good maybe he'd take it out and show it to her."

"Oh that was it, was it?" said Doris. Then the pair ceased conversation and hung leaning over the banister-rails in silence, watching the dishes going in and coming out.

The atmosphere is that of Irish sport and Irish superstition and, what is scarcely less important, Irish pride. Says the most cowardly and truculent of the characters without any simulation of anger:

"Doin'! You ax me that question, and you standin' before me all over buttons and stripes. Doin'! cleanin' dishes and knives is what you've been doin'! You a Rooney and me a Cogan; going into service, that's what you've been doin'."

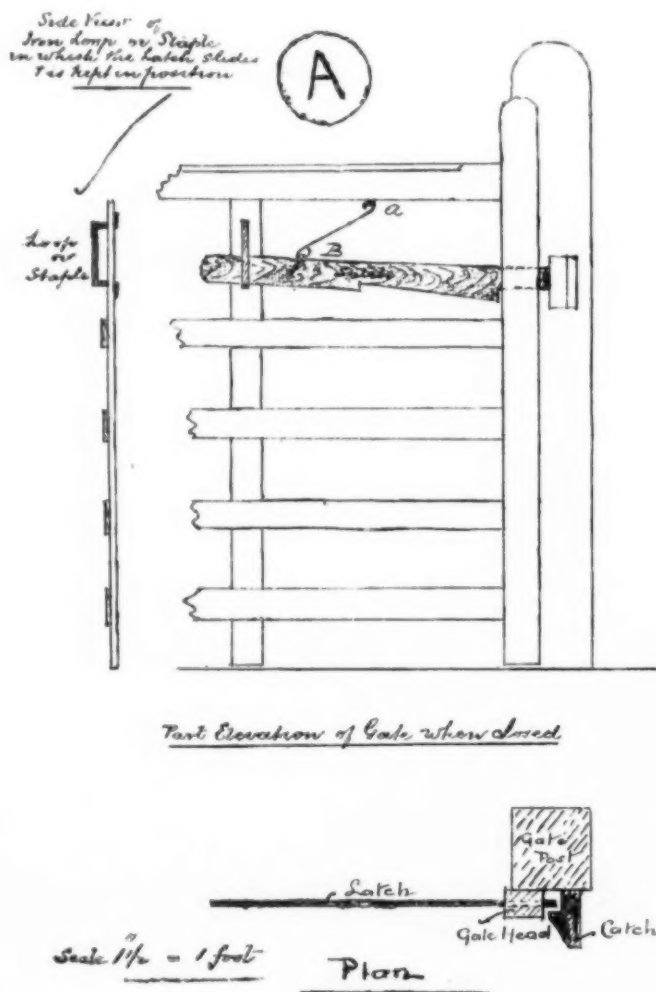
We feel that this is carefully and accurately transcribed from the great book of human nature. A council of villains is brought to an end by the rattle of an axle wheel because they firmly believed the park to be haunted by "the form of a hearse driven by a man without a head," and whosoever saw that apparition was in danger of being caught, bundled into the hearse and carried to the land of the dead. The sport is not done with the detail of Lever, but the author brings before us a vivid realisation of the singular crowds that assemble at a meet of the foxhounds or the beagles, and he most successfully infuses into his page that spirit of sport that is a saving grace of the "ould country." Best of all we are taken from scene to scene with directness, energy and unflagging spirit, so that the ultimate effect produced is that of the best comedy. At the same time the author has the defects of his qualities, and it must be admitted that occasionally he prints his capital letters several ells long. In other words, comedy now and then passes into the region of burlesque and caricature.

GATE-LATCHES FOR THE FARM & ESTATE.

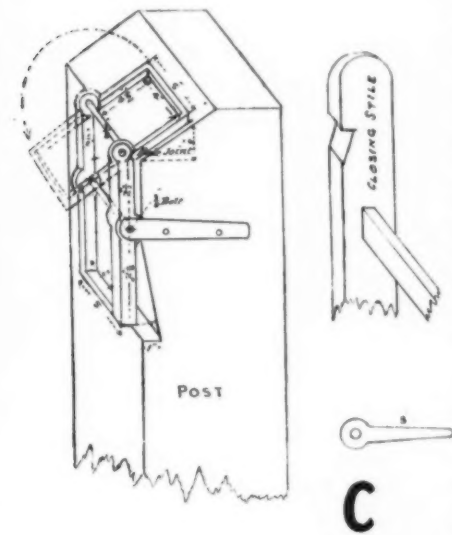
WHEN I sat down to write on the above subject I fell to wondering what was the first gate-latch I had heard of. The oldest gate of which I remember hearing was a village churchyard gate, the latch to which was sadly out of repair. The churchwardens refused to do the necessary repairs (there were church rates in those days) because the "People's Churchwarden" remarked at the vestry meeting "That he knew of no one inside the churchyard likely to get out, nor did he know of anyone outside the churchyard who wanted to get in." Then, while pondering, my thoughts reverted to the first latch I made myself. I do not lay claim to having been the sole inventor of this latch. All I know is that I made it with the assistance of my greatest chum at that time, a boy of my own age, I being then about eight years old. This friend of my youth was supposed to be employed in cleaning boots and knives, but I am afraid most of his time was spent with me. Our latch, which was always used for rabbit and ferret hutches, was manufactured by putting a screw through a piece of wood 1 in. long by 1 in. wide. This made a most effective latch, and was only equalled in simplicity by the hinges, also, I believe, our invention, but since copied. These hinges were made with strips of leather, purloined from something in the

harness-room, and were fastened to the doors with tin-tacks. But enough of my own handiwork.

As children we were all taught that "Doors are made to shut," and many of the gate fastenings with which one meets in the country seem to be made with this one object. Whereas in selecting latches for gates one ought to remember that an ideal latch must fasten a gate securely, it must also be made so that the gate can be easily opened by a human being, whether on horseback or on foot. I say "human being," because it is no uncommon occurrence for livestock to open gates when rubbing or pushing against them, and one may often find on a farm a horse, donkey or other animal which has learnt the trick of opening farm gates. It must be remembered, too, that the nature of the country, the style of the farming and the description of sport to which a particular district is adapted will all tend towards ruling to a great extent the style of gate-latch which is in vogue. In a grass country, where cattle and horses are pastured in adjoining fields and are constantly trying to get together, it is necessary to have very strong gates and also strong latches. A grass country is also generally a hunting country, and therefore not only are strong latches required, but also those which can be easily opened with a hunting crop by anyone on horseback. What



is more miserable than to be fumbling with a gate-latch just as hounds find and get away? A mob of impatient sportswomen and sportsmen pressing on to you. Each one, anxious to get through the gate, is shouting advice, such as, "Take it off its hinges," "Break the lock," etc., which advice, even if one felt inclined to adopt, would be awkward to carry out when on horseback. A different description of latch is found to be a sufficient fastening in a light land district, such as in parts of the Eastern Counties, where, if I may call it so, the sheep and turnip style of farming is carried on. Here the fields are large and open and principally arable, and the sheep are folded in hurdles. On farms in such a locality as this gates are mainly needed simply to prevent stray animals, or those being driven along the roads, from entering the fields. Here, too, although hunting may be carried on, yet partridge-shooting is the principal field sport. Latches to be practical must not be too complicated; something that the estate carpenter or the village blacksmith can make, or at least easily understand and repair, is required. Those varieties of latches that need scarcely any repairs are preferred by the tenant farmer and by the estate agent. Referring to the various latches illustrating this article, one of the most inexpensive, simple and yet strong, and easy to unfasten or close, is the one I call A, and is principally made of wood. This is my favourite latch; it is met with on many estates. I remember seeing it on Sir Henry Cotterel's estate, now owned by Sir John



Cotterel, at Garnons in Herefordshire, over twenty years ago. The sketch of this latch was kindly supplied by Mr. G. T. Fields-Clarke, land steward at Southhill Park, Biggleswade, and I think the mechanism of it can be seen and understood at a glance. Mr. Fields-Clarke says of this latch: "In my time I have seen a good many inventions of latches and catches for field-gates, good, bad and indifferent; but in my opinion as a safe catch, easy and certain to manipulate on foot or on horseback, none is preferred more than the one of which I send you a sketch. If the gate is properly closed it is beyond the wit of an ordinary animal to open it, inasmuch as it involves three actions at the same moment, viz., a partly vertical, partly horizontal pull or thrust movement. The non-shutting of this or any other gate owing to faulty construction is referred to later on, and need not be considered here. One of the chief features of this catch is that any unskilled labourer can make and fit one up. I have never heard hunting people say a wry word against these catches; indeed, the reverse." The only drawback I have found is that if the gate is pushed or pulled back with a jar, the latch sometimes fails to catch. Another latch, which is made entirely of iron, is B. Several estate agents, including those acting for the Overstone Park and the

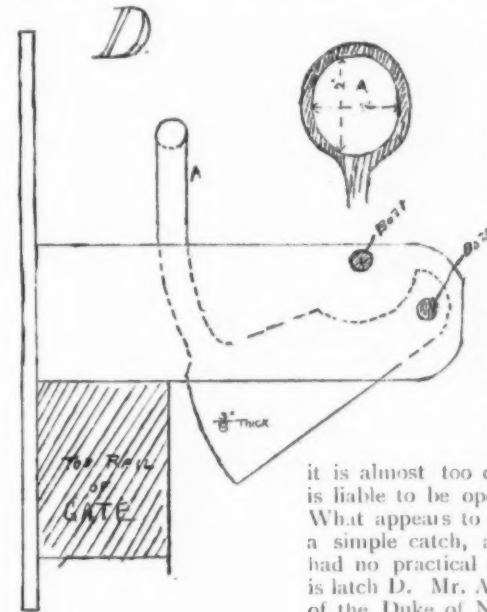


Raby estates, have sent sketches and highly recommend latches of this description. I know this latch to be strong, cheap, durable and so simple that the dullest of smiths can make it. Where iron fastenings for gates are preferred, nothing better than this latch can be used. My only objection to it is that the catch which protrudes a little from the shutting post is apt to injure cattle or horses when they huddle together and push against each other when being driven through a gateway. This danger can be obviated by having this catch made with a guard of iron, as in the accompanying sketch.



A very ingenious latch is the next catch, which I call C. In the illustration the latch is shown unfastened. The square, lying back on the bevelled side of the post nearly at the top,

is the part of the fastening that keeps the gate closed. This square, as I term it, has a rule joint. When in the act of closing the square passes in the direction shown by the dotted line and arrow-head, and ultimately closes tightly over the "closing style," or head of the gate. The position assumed by the square when the gate is closed can be seen by the dotted square near the point of the arrow-head. A notch is cut in the "closing style" (see separate sketch of same), which keeps the square in position. The whole of this latch has a main hinge, just where a pin bolt is marked on the sketch. When the gate is shut the bottom bar of this latch

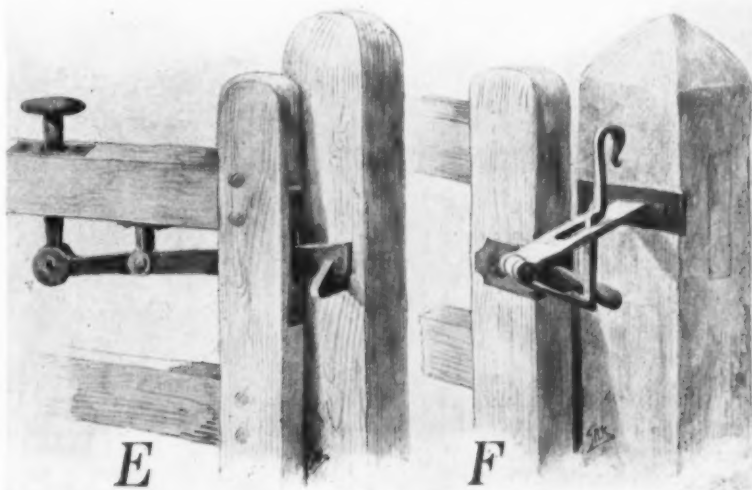


fits into a pin groove cut into the main post. The act of unfastening the latch forces this bottom bar out of the pin groove and causes it to push the gate slightly ajar, thus facilitating the process of opening the gate. I consider, however, that, although one of the cleverest forms of gate catches,

it is almost too complicated, and is liable to be opened by animals. What appears to the writer to be a simple catch, although he has had no practical experience of it, is latch D. Mr. A. Ireland Wright of the Duke of Northumberland's Estate Office, 11, Eldon Square,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes of this latch as follows: "The simplest and most effective latch for a field gate, in my opinion, is the one I use on this estate which is an improvement of my own on what is called the figure of 4 latch. You will note

that the handle, A, is at right angles to the position shown on the sketch, and it therefore prevents the latch falling down too far. The gate should be hung so as to close of its own accord; it then simply lifts the latch and falls into its place." Latch E is very simple, and its action can clearly be seen by a glance at the sketch. Anyone on horseback or on foot can easily undo this fastening by pressing on the "nob"; but the fact of its opening by this easy method makes it better adapted for gates leading into arable fields than for gates of pastures which are stocked with cattle or horses. The catch, which is illustrated on



the shutting-post, should, however, have a wedge-shaped piece of wood screwed or spiked beneath it, to prevent animals from injuring themselves in crowding through a gateway. Latch F is strong, is not too complicated and has the advantage that when the gate "swings to" the latch shuts itself. This is a very good form of fastening, and I can recommend it to be used for the same purpose as latch E.

Traction engines are used nowadays for many purposes on estates and farms, but they certainly damage posts in passing through gateways unless the latter are roft, wide, and sometimes even then. These engines, if they do not actually catch the posts, will nearly always thrust them wider apart or slightly out of the perpendicular. The tenant farmer, too, when he puts down a gate-post or "hangs" a new gate, often employs for this purpose some of his farm hands or a rough carpenter, with the result that his gates do not always "shut to" as well as they might. These facts prevent the use on country estates of many of the patent gate-latches that have been invented, for the reason that they generally fail to act properly as soon as a gate "sags" or when it is not hung properly. W.

HEREWARD'S COUNTRY.

IT was a grey, steely day, with occasional gleams of vivid yellow sunshine. Unquestionably there were pike in the little river that wound lazily like a rippled grey ribbon among the willows and firs; and, as unquestionably, my spinning-tackle was too coarse. The water was clear, despite the wind, and twice I had thrilled to see a dark, tigrish shadow flitting close behind my flashing spoon; but on each occasion the wicked phantom of a fish had obviously detected something wrong. He would only follow the lure with greedy longing, he would not grab it. So I sat down in the sheltered lee of an old hollow willow and sought in my book for a fine gut trace. It is possible that I was a little sleepy. I had walked from Brandon that morning, through nine miles of a country that, in its own fashion, can hold its own for beauty with all rivals. There are those who say that the mountains have spoiled their eyes for the appreciation of less assuming, more placid scenery. I wish that I had had such prejudiced, exacting folk beside me that morning. For the first two miles I had walked through almost unbroken fir woods, and their aromatic fragrance is still in my nostrils. The white, narrow track wound through them, and on either hand you looked through vistas of gnarled, gaunt, naked trunks; for all the world they were like the stiff, straight grenadiers of an old German print. Or you might fancy that you stood in some huge cathedral and looked down the dim, misty, echoing aisles. Very sombre and stately seemed those aisles, but when the rare sun glinted through them their beauty was marvellously brightened. Sometimes the crisp brown bracken rustled as a rabbit scuttled lazily away, but that was the only sound that interrupted the music of the firs. The breeze murmured through their dark plumes and their song is indescribable. Sometimes, when the wind was strong, it was like the roll of waves upon an iron coast; sometimes it was like the leaping lash of heavy rain upon still water; sometimes it was hushed to the sigh of a Titan brooding upon the weary sorrow of the world. Always in its music there was a note of desolation and a sombre beauty. And then I came out from the twilight of the bare brown trunks into a wide, clean rolling country. For miles and miles the yellow-green turf stretched away, broken here and there by an outcrop of sand. Everywhere I saw rabbits, but when I had left behind me a little slate-roofed church and a few lonely cottages I seemed to have reached an unpeopled world. In the far distance, upon my right, a long, naked rise shouldered itself towards the grey of the sky, but to my left the green turf rolled into the misty distance. Yet in the scene there was nothing of monotony. Here and there the eye was caught by a solitary silver birch, gleaming upon the green of the dunes like some dainty, white-robed lady delicately aloof. Far away upon a little rise a clump of fir trees were like the dark unnodding plumes of a knightly crest. And so I had come to the little lonely river. I have admitted the possibility that I was inclined to sleepiness. That fine gut trace took a great deal of finding. Also, although the breeze was chilly in the open, it was quite warm in the shelter that I had found.

It must have been warm behind the willow, for suddenly I was aware of a strange horseman who came riding down to the water. The sun had glinted out and it gleamed upon his bare, close-cropped golden hair. In the clear yellow light I could see the forward thrust of his long jaw, and the free careless strength and beauty of his face. He wore a tattered potter's coat all daubed with yellow clay, and in his right hand he carried a naked sword. He sat his mare with lithe ease, as though the two were one, and she—well, she has been described in better words than I can hope to find. Charles Kingsley tells us:

So lean and ill-looking was that famous mare that no one would suspect her splendid powers, or take her for anything but a potter's nag, when she was

captured in proper character. . . . It was not until the stranger had looked twice at her that he forgot her great chuckle head, greyhound flanks and drooping hindquarters, and began to see the great length of those same quarters, the thighs let down into the hocks, the compact loin . . . and all the other points which showed her strength and speed and justified her fame.

Down to the bank they came at a long, easy canter, and for a moment the rider drew rein among the rustling sedge. He glanced behind him, and he saw, as I could see, three or four twinkling lights far away upon the long green slopes. I knew that it was the sun flashing upon the helmets of pursuers. For a little space he waited and seemed to ponder. Then he touched his mare with his heel, and in a moment the water foamed and glistened behind her as she splashed through the ford. She drew herself up the further bank, and the rider waved his hand with a cheery defiant laugh to those distant sparkles of steel. Then he put his mare into her wonderful stealing gallop, and they sped away, away towards the misty green of the south. I stared after them as they swiftly dwindled, and I felt no surprise. These strange things had not seemed strange at all. I knew who this horseman was quite well. He was the Wake—the famous Wake. Eight hundred years and more had been wiped away, and I was staring after the one man in broad England who, since the bloody day of Hastings, had found heart and head with which to match, for a short while, at least, the Conqueror's genius. The one man in England who brought something besides hot-headed valour and childish jealousy to a well-nigh hopeless struggle, who could meet patience with patience and skill with skill. The man whose trust in himself never for a moment wavered, the man who met defeat and failure and would not acknowledge them for what they were. The man who might stand for all that is best in our stubborn English character, and for much, perhaps, that is less fine. Yes, I knew who he was, and I knew whence he had ridden. To the Isle of Ely, to the leadership of this man upon the ugly mare, had come the last survivors of the old English chivalry, and, ringed round by the whole might of William, they were prolonging a stubborn struggle that could have but one grim end. And now forth from the isle had ridden their leader in disguise upon his famous mare that he might gather news. He had taken the stock of a potter and his clay-daubed coat, and had gone boldly northwards to Brandon itself where William lay. He had slept at a witch's hut, and then had dared to carry his crockery into the kitchen of the Royal court. And the rest of the tale, I do not doubt, is well known to you. It is at least worth the knowing, and Charles Kingsley has put it within the reach of all. How when the servants had ill-treated him he had speech with the great man himself and was all but recognised; how he broke from his temporary prison, won to mare Swallow, and, with the hunt hotly aroused behind him, galloped for his life over the heathy dunes to Mildenhall. Now, I had seen him ford the Lark, and now, as the hazy distance hid him from my sight, I came back to the small life of every day. . . . I do not know for how long I had been sleeping, but the sun was hidden once more and a fresh breeze was rippling the stream. I found my fine gut trace at last and then rose somewhat stiffly to give it a trial. I left the grey church tower of Mildenhall behind me and spun steadily up the lazy river, and then, at last, above Barton Mills, where the Lark bends among the willows, I felt the line check, and struck. There were two sharp rushes and a short, brisk fight, and then he threw up the sponge and consented to come towards me—no pike, but a glistening perch, with his fierce back fin upraised and his stripes dark upon his golden bronze. A little over 11b. he weighed, and a handsomer fish you could not wish to see. After that for a while I spun in vain. But upon such a day and in that country it was sufficient to be alive with one's senses all awake. In the green, wet fields behind me snipe were drumming and a peewit calling. But half a mile further on my line checked once more. And this time I was clearly into something heavier. With such fine tackle tender handling was required, and an added thrill was given to the sport. For five long minutes the line cut the grey water up and down, and I could make no impression upon my fish. Then he seemed to tire, and his fierce head appeared. It was gone again in a moment, but I knew that I was into a decent pike. Three more heavy rushes, each one shorter than the first, and then sullenly he permitted me to tow him towards the bank. One last wallow, and half a minute later he was upon dry land, a fine plump fish of 5lb. weight. No monster, of course, but worth catching upon gut.

The day was swiftly ending when I turned at last, and the western sky was red. There was a chilly bite in the breeze, as it rustled mournfully amid the harsh dry sedge and the white-plumed feathery rushes. A church tower loomed sombrely through the misty twilight, and the river had the greyiness of a dead face. The murmur of the night wind through the rushes was the only sound in the world, save when a water-rat dived with a sudden splash. I walked slowly homewards, and still I thought of the little man in the clayey potter's coat who had forded the river in my dream.

JOHN BARNETT.

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS.

THE photographic novice, armed with a small hand-camera, is, as a rule, successful enough with his portraits (in his own opinion, if not in that of the sitters) and with groups; but his attempts at landscape are frequently disappointing. The view which

looks pleasing to the eye is often quite hopeless as an exercise for the camera; and this is almost always for the very simple reason that its beauty depends on colour more than on form. The lens and plate have to translate colour into black and white, and the "contrasts" between, say, the green of the grass and the red of a brick cottage wall, striking though they are to the sensitive retina of a human eye, are not at all so to the sensitive emulsion of the photographic plate, which renders them in hardly differentiated tones of grey. The result is that an exposure on a brilliant scene may produce a flat and dull picture. It will be found, on examination, that the skilled landscape photographer nearly invariably contrives his picture in such a way that in the near foreground there is some large and prominent object, outstanding from the remainder of the composition; and while this is occasionally done with the aim of "throwing back" the "distance" and thus creating an illusion of atmosphere, its object is equally that of overcoming the flatness produced by relying on the colour of a view to make it seem effective. The photographer is taking, say, a group of trees with a meadow beyond. The group is pretty, gazed at from a slight distance, because the eye distinguishes between the brown of the tree trunks and the green of the near grass, and between the green of the meadow and the green of the tree leaves. But, photographed from a distance, the scene would, as I say, be flat, because the plate makes no such distinction, or very little, at all events. To it the green of the tree leaves and that of the meadow are much

of a muchness: they can only be rendered in tones of grey differing so slightly in depth that they are nearly indistinguishable. Similarly, the brown trunk of the tree, on which the sun is shining, is to it about the same "colour" as the green of the deeply-shadowed grass under-

neath the tree. Hence the flatness to which I have referred, and of which the tyro so often complains. Go nearer the group of trees, however, and arrange the camera so that one of the trees appears large on the plate—photograph this one tree, in fact, as though the rest of the clump and the landscape beyond did not matter—and failure will be turned into success. Why? Because you have relied on "form" instead of "colour." You have used the form of the outstanding tree to make your picture instead of the colour of the whole group of trees. This, at any rate, is a rough rule, which will be found to work soundly in practice; and a glance at any series of good landscape photographs will show how much, consciously or unconsciously, it is followed by the masters of the craft. Even following it, however, we may find that what are called the "values" of the scene are wrongly registered by the camera. The grass may seem too black, the sky too white, yellow or red flowers may seem black and blue ones pure white. This is because our plate is infinitely more sensitive to blues and their kindred shades of colour than to reds and yellows. Obviously, if the plate were sensitive to red, we could not develop it with impunity as we do in the so-called dark-room, which is illuminated, notwithstanding its name, with light from a ruby-glazed lamp. If we could photograph a red flower we could not develop the plate or film in red light without fogging it. This is plain. But the fact remains that red flowers can be photographed. How is it done? In the first place, plates can be made which are



C. Ponting.

A THREATENING EVENING.

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sensitive to red; but as these plates have to be developed in total darkness they are rarely used by the beginner. Plates sensitive to yellow are, however, easy enough to develop, with reasonable care, and these are used almost universally nowadays. They are called isochromatic, or orthochromatic, which means the same thing. Most of the roll films now on the market are orthochromatic; so it is obvious that, whether they know it or not, the great majority of novices who use "daylight loading" cameras have in their hands the power to render any landscape in reasonably correct tone-values; that is, the green grass will be a light grey instead of dark, the blue sky will not be dead white, the dandelions will be light instead of black, and so on. Nevertheless, even using roll films, or orthochromatised plates, the tyro may get his tone-values grossly wrong, if he does not at the same time use a "screen" on his lens to aid the plate in its task of exposing the yellows and greens a suitable length of time while not over-exposing the blues and whites. For even when orthochromatic, the plate or film is far more sensitive to blues than to yellows. The object of the screen is to counteract this undue partiality. The screen—otherwise known as a "light-filter"—is made of yellow glass, or of a piece of yellow gelatine, and is placed, as I say, on the lens. Thus the whole picture has to pass through the yellow screen to reach the plate. What is the effect? The effect is that the blue rays are held back—diminished, as it were—while the yellow ones pass in their full strength. The yellow ones thus gain an advantage over the blue ones, and are able to impress themselves on the plate while the blue ones are lagging behind. This, at least, will pass muster as a straightforward explanation of the principle of orthochromatic photography.

The would-be landscape photographer must be provided, therefore, with, first, an orthochromatic plate or film, and, secondly, a yellow screen to fit on, or in or behind his lens. The screen can be purchased for anything from a few pence to a few shillings at any dealer's shop; but the screen made specially by the makers of the plate or film should always be used. There is, for example, a Kodak screen made for the Kodak film, an Ensign screen for the Ensign film, a Barnet screen for the Barnet plate, a Wratten screen for the Wratten plate, and so forth; and having decided on a plate which suits you, you should use with it its proper screen and not that of another maker, or you will not be rewarded by the best possible results. But in addition to the screen you ought to have a tripod on which to rest

your camera; for it is one of the penalties of desiring perfection in photography that mere haphazard snap-shooting, with the apparatus held in the hand, is hardly feasible. To snap-shot a well-lit landscape is always possible, but to snap-shot it with a yellow screen on your lens is not possible on ninety-nine days out of a hundred. The presence of the screen, by cutting down the very powerful blue rays passing through the lens, lengthens the exposure necessary. Where an exposure of 1-20sec. would have been sufficient without the screen, an exposure of 1sec. or more may be necessary with it to get a good negative. Now there are singularly few people who have the muscular rigidity to hold a camera absolutely motionless for even so short a period of time as 1sec. (indeed, many people blur their pictures, by shaking, when snapping at 1-20sec.).

All exposures from 1sec. upwards are called "time" exposures; and for time exposures a tripod is absolutely essential. Occasionally, one can find a wall or fence on which to rest the camera when making a time exposure; but to rely on the handiness of walls or fences when seeking pictorial landscapes is rash. Tripods nowadays are made so small and foldable—you can get one which collapses into a walking-stick when out of use—that they cannot be looked upon as a very serious addition to your impedimenta. To sum up: In photographing landscapes, if the beauty of the scene lies in its "form"—e.g., in the outline of a tree trunk or of a prominent cottage or church or house or rock—the orthochromatic plate and screen are not a *sine qua non*. But where colour is a main factor in the landscape's beauty, or where it is desired to retain the cloud shapes in the sky while fully exposing the foreground, an isochromatic plate and screen must be used. In photographing flowers, too, it is essential to use a screen and an orthochromatic plate; and even more so is it essential in photographing paintings. When taking portraits, provided they are not snap-shots, the orthochromatic plate and screen are advisable; both the complexion and the dress of the sitter will be better rendered, and blemishes on the face, which a professional would have retouched into invisibility, but which are generally a painful flaw in the amateur production, will be less pronounced if a screen has been used. Passing finally to a consideration of the photographs accompanying the text, we may note that "Sunshine and Shadow" could be taken as an example of a scene whose beauty is more dependent on form than on colour rendering. The seascape also shows how perspective and atmosphere are aided by choosing a strong foreground; and incidentally it may be mentioned that, so bright is the light at the coast that instantaneous photographs



BROKEN WATER.



J. M. Selous.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

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of this type are quite possible even with an isochromatic screen (such as the "Wratten K.1") on the lens. The boldness of the trees in the first photograph again illustrates the importance of "form" in composition.

WARD MUIR.

A DESERT GARDEN.—I.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

—Isaiah XXXV., 1.

WE had suffered considerably in the past from want of fresh vegetables, and when a lucky chance gave us a large and constant supply of surplus water our thoughts turned to the making of a garden. Was it possible? We had no black soil such as the French gardeners delight in and get such great results from. Our soil was drift sand, chippings of stone and *débris* of all kinds. But we had a sublime faith, for had we not sunshine and water? And we knew that tomatoes, vegetable marrows and melons grew splendidly on sand, and brought in as much as £20 to £50 a feddan (just a little over an acre) and that the best barley for training race-horses was grown also on sand, the grains being small but very hard, and said to make the muscles firm and the horse long-winded. Many times we had ridden along the edge of the desert and had seen the excellent crops of egg plants, tomatoes and melons in the summer growing in pure sand. What was possible for others to do surely was also possible for us. The more we thought of it, the more the idea grew, until we became filled with enthusiasm. The selection of a suitable site was out of the question; there was only one available. The ground, about an acre and a-quarter in extent, sloped gently towards the north-east, and during part of the afternoon was in shadow. This we thought would be rather an advantage, as it would permit of the planting of delicate plants which would otherwise be scorched up by the powerful sun. Enquiries for a gardener brought a superior-looking Soudanese, named Mohammed, who had been in the employment of a great prince. When we met upon the spot we could at once see that our man was a practical gardener from the way he stooped, gathered up some sand and carefully examined it, and from the shrewd questions he asked concerning the quantity and quality of water available, what we expected to get in return and when we expected to get a return. Then he stood scratching at the soil with his bare toes and gazing reflectively at the site. My heart sank, for it was pure desert and a dreary waste to boot, with a few scrubby desert plants eking out a miserable existence, and had he declined the post I should not have been surprised. To our relief he presently said, "Tieb (good), I will take the work." Then we heaved a sigh of relief, for the Soudanese are, as a rule, most reliable, and having taken work may be trusted to see it through. Thirty shillings a month were the wages he asked, and the assistance of four men for a week to help him get the ground

rapidly in order. This we agreed to. Then he stood for some time letting his eyes rove over the ground. Some plan was evidently maturing in his mind, so he was left to evolve it. The next morning he was at work early tracing lines which would presently be runnels carrying water to each part of the ground. The first runnel, which was about 1ft. across and 6in. deep, ran along the highest part of the ground to the extreme ends. He then drew two more parallel lines to this further down the slope and connected them by short branch runlets. This broad arrangement supplied all the ground. Where there was a fall of 1ft. or more, and the weight of the falling water would displace the sand, Mohammed sank old tubs or tins, or received the water on to stones or matting. Next he marked off about a third of an acre. This he divided into a number of small squares or basins about 12ft. square and a few inches deep; these he carefully cleared of stones and *débris*, and when they were to his liking he called the under-gardeners, stationed them at intervals along the runnels with fass (a kind of hoe) in hand and turned on the water. This was a most important function. At first the dry, hot sand drank up the water greedily, and but little seemed to flow along the runnels. But Mohammed was watching with the eye of an irrigation engineer, and directed alterations here and there until at last the water gathered way and flowed on towards the little basins. One more careful inspection of the runnels Mohammed made, and then threw a little earth, which he had evidently brought for the purpose, into the water at intervals. This he watched very carefully until it seemed to have been washed away into nothingness. "That the sand may not drink the water," was his reply to our question, and on the morrow we saw the reason, for the sun had baked the water-courses hard, and the water ran along quickly and with much less loss. Soon the water reached the first basin and filled it. Then that opening was closed and another opened in the next basin until all were filled and the sand thoroughly soaked, when the water was turned off.

We obtained a few seeds from England, and had told Mohammed to bring with him whatever seed he wanted to sow. These he produced from a little paper parcel and proceeded to the sowing. The first basin he sowed with mulochia, a small herb much beloved by natives for using boiled or as a flavouring for soups, which a small quantity of the chopped-up leaves will turn to quite a thick glutinous consistency. In the second he planted the native radish, which is eaten raw or boiled, then some spinach and some marsh-mallow, which is eaten like spinach. Then he subdivided a basin and sowed purple lettuce, parsley and a herb which smelt like paregoric and was used for flavouring salads, which later gave a splendid crop. Cabbage and Brussels sprouts took up another basin. In the meantime his assistants had been drawing shallow trenches at right angles to the last runnel of water over a piece of sand covering a quarter of an acre. When these were completed Mohammed turned the water into them one by one, soaking them well in

turn, and at the same time he sowed vegetable marrows on the sides of the little trenches—three seeds were put in each place at a distance of 1 mètre apart. Next morning Mohammed had brought his son, a solemn little urchin not more than five years of age, who, armed with a tiny fass, kept watch over the water, and as one basin filled up, stopped the ingress and opened up another. Faithfully he performed his duty; indeed, it occurred often to me that Mohammed would be an ill man to trifle with, and that his son was wise in his generation. One of the men had been sent to the village and had brought back a large number of tomato plants, which were at once "put in," and then were shaded from the sun by old dhurra sticks put in the ground in a slanting direction.

On the third day our radishes were up, and at the end of the week our garden had indeed taken shape, for the marrows were showing above the ground, the tomato plants had recovered and were growing fast and all the other things were appearing.

Three things troubled Mohammed. First the loss of water from percolation in the runnels was greater than he considered right—this he met by bringing some earth each morning and puddling it along the water-courses and then letting the sun dry it hard. The next trouble was from a kind of grasshopper and a few locusts. Mohammed would plant out a beautiful patch of lettuce plants which he had acquired from some place unknown; next morning many of them would be eaten off; then he would stand looking the picture of despair, and would earnestly show where he had planted them in lines as they should be, but now—here he would stoop, gather up a handful of sand and throw it over the ground. True enough, some half-dozen miserable grasshoppers, with an odd locust, would fly up, too heavily fed to go far. Mohammed would catch them, bring them to the path and proceed to kill them with a stone, cursing

their fathers and mothers and reproving them for their want of sense in eating the Effendi's salad. If they must eat salad, then in Gehannum there was plenty; they might go there and eat, but not in his garden. Despite these little worries, our garden progressed marvellously. Lettuce, turnips, radish, mulochia, spinach and mallow were ready to pull or cut before we recognised the fact. Mohammed advised us to begin cutting while the plants were small, as afterwards there would be more than we could use, and so it turned out. Sometimes we noticed Mohammed gazing sorrowfully at the tomatoes, and caught the word "sebbagh." One asks few questions of one's servants in Egypt, but, by the aid of an Arabic dictionary, we discovered that "sebbagh" meant "manure," or earth from ruins thousands of years old. Now the year was one of considerable money stringency, so we listened, shook our heads, and advised him to learn the local Arabic.

We had a little difference of opinion over the growing of mustard and cress. Mohammed assured us that he knew all about it, and seeing that he would be deeply hurt by any interference, we handed the seeds over to him. Judge of our astonishment when, two days later, they came up with a beautiful margin of about 6in. of bare soil round each plant. Nor would he let us cut the mustard until it was on the fourth leaf and extremely hot to the taste. It was evident to him that we knew nothing about gardening and must be saved from foolish acts.

About this time a very hot wind came from the west; it shrivelled up some of our plants and made the rest look wilted, and in some places covered them with sand. Mohammed suggested a wind-screen of dhurra stalks; so a trench was dug on the west side about 1ft. 6in. deep and the dhurra stalks planted in it, bound together and strengthened with some poles.

W. G. LING.

YEOMEN'S HOMES.

THE housing problem in Elizabeth's day may have left the labourer in very primitive dwellings, but it gave noble mansions to the great, and to farmers and country craftsmen pleasant homes of such durability and such charm that many of them stand to-day to shame us into a less contemptible mode of building than that which the nineteenth century produced. Mr. Curtis Green, to whom we owe the excellent letterpress of "Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Surrey" (Batsford), is hopeful that this sense of shame has arisen and is spreading, and he looks hopefully at some present improvement and much future promise. "The rise of new conditions and new ideals in society happily does not imply the total loss of what was best in earlier times, though first principles may be lost sight of in the passing experiments of the untrained. Our connection with these old houses is really no distant one—it has only been broken off; in getting into touch with them again we need not be archaeologists and antiquarians, but makers of things for present use, learning principles of fitness and construction and methods of workmanship that will bring out the best qualities of the workman and the material." If this is to be so—and we speak with a lingering doubt, while much wishing to share Mr. Green's hopefulness—much assistance can be given by the registration of decaying and vanishing examples of good old work through the medium of photography, and by the popularisation of the subject through the medium of thoughtfully-written and well-illustrated books. This has long been Mr. Batsford's view; he has worked hard and successfully to carry it out, and

has thereby earned our sincere thanks. Concurrently with his great folio books of stately houses of the Tudor and Palladian epochs, he is bringing out a series of quarto volumes reproducing well-executed and patiently-collected photographs, by Mr. Galsworthy Davie and others, of many of the lesser sixteenth and seventeenth century homes which still pleasantly dot our land. Some of the volumes—such as of the stone district of the Cotswolds and of the timber region along the mid and northern marches of Wales—have already appeared. Now, a delightful set of views of buildings drawn from a county of mixed material lies on our table. Surrey may not be able to compete with Gloucestershire in stone architecture, and Herefordshire may surpass it in examples of elaborate oak framing. But it is rich in general effect—in stone lower floors and in timber upper floors, in brick and in tile, in rough-cast and in weather-board, and this volume is a most welcome supplement to Mr. Nevill's work of some score years ago, especially as the photographic reproductions enable the reader to realise more exactly the detail and the texture of the

houses illustrated. These include much variety of kind and of size. Crowhurst is a little manor house of late mediæval type. The view given shows it standing in its moated enclosure for safety. It still shows signs of the ancient arrangement of a central hall rising to the roof with offices on one side and parlour and chambers on the other. True, a later desire for more numerous apartments has led to the horizontal cutting up of the hall; but its finely designed and wrought roof is well preserved, and a candle in a dark garret reveals it to the



VIEW ACROSS THE MOAT: CROWHURST PLACE.

pertinacious visitor and arouses a strong wish that the room might once again be given its original height and shape. Crowhurst, then, is among the larger homes of this series; but there are several of the humble type that set a room or two about a great central hearth and covered the whole with a far-descending roof. A good example of such cottages, its single chimney—ample and well proportioned—breaking its skyline, is shown on Plate XXXVII. It helps us to realise the important part the chimney played in the design of these yeomen's homes. The fire kept them warm, dried their clothes, cooked their food. It was the centre of their indoor life, the most striking visible proof of their superiority to the beast of the field. It did not occur to them, or to those who built for them, to see how mean they could make it look. They wished its importance to obtain due recognition. The hearth must be ample, the flue large, the shaft tall and of good detail. Look through Mr. Davie's 100 plates and you will find this fact constantly exemplified. The Unstead Farm chimney, with its crow-steps, its many-angled shaft, its well-moulded top, is excellent; but it is no exception, scarcely *primus inter pares*. To prove the variety of material used, as local circumstances pointed out, by the Surrey builders, Smallfield Place is given as an example of the use of stone throughout—for window mullions, door frames and gable finials, as well as for walling. On the other hand, at Crossway's Farm the use of the rough stone of its district is limited to the plainest walling, and all detail work, including a many-membered moulded cornice, is carried out in brick. Entirely of brick are a house at Thursley and also the farm of Littlefield here illustrated; but the more general plan in the lesser and older houses was to use brick as a filling for timber framing. A group of tall cottages at Worplesdon shows a large and complete adoption of this treatment, which at Unstead is pleasantly varied by the use of plaster. Such is the case also with a group of most enticing cottages at Lingfield, where the portions with brick filling show a herring-bone pattern. A glance at the picture reproduced of Brewer Street Farm, near Bletchingley, shows it to be

of excellent design and balance, with its two overhanging end gables and its central bay. Here no brick is used except for the chimneys; the timber framing is of great solidity, massive and close set, and the narrow intervals are filled with plaster. The roof is of stone tiles, mossy and weathered, very large and thick at the bottom, but lessening considerably in size and weight as they mount towards the ridge. This house, not without lingering traces of mediævalism in its form and substance, yet of plan and arrangement to satisfy modern ideas, is worth the careful study of young architects, and an adaptation by one who fully realised the character and the handling of old work would soon show the same qualities of tone, texture and outline. The present-day difficulty of avoiding mechanical precision without falling into the young man's too frequent fault of affectation is well put by Mr. Curtis Green when he says of roofs: "There are several reasons why an old tile roof looks better than a new, apart from the colour given to them by age and mossy growth. The tiles were thicker and more uneven in thickness and in size than are the tiles produced by modern machinery (though happily hand-made tiles are again easily procurable); the holing for the tile pins being done by hand was irregularly spaced; the laths were of rent oak and consequently very uneven; and the rafters were either pit-sawn or squared with the adze; the surface on which the tiles were laid was therefore an uneven one to start with, and time has warped and twisted them still further. I do not suggest that these attractive wavy lines should be reproduced

in new work; to attempt it would be an unpardonable affectation, but the hand-made tile should be used and the maker should not be asked to produce them too even in colour and thickness." Yes, and if we are to be free of the nightmare of mechanical perfection and universal resemblance, if we want some little individualism in the material products of man as we do in his



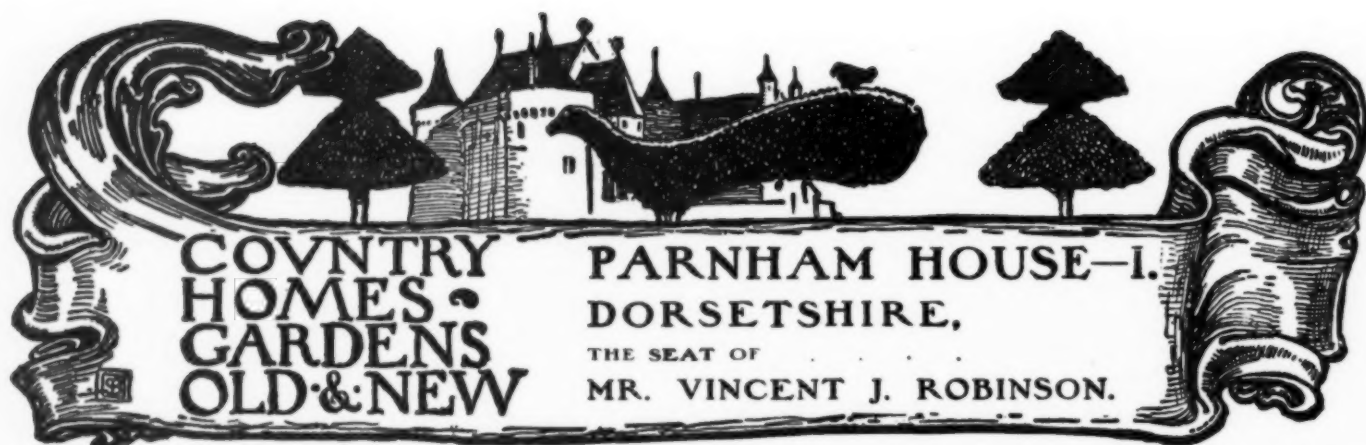
LITTLEFIELD FARM.

mental products, we must, as far as is consistent with modern conditions of production and employment, aim at a thorough understanding and imitation of the spirit and the principle of earlier craftsmanship. The workman must take some pleasure in what he is doing, must have some interest in producing a right effect, some knowledge, instinctive or acquired, of line and proportion. It is not enough for the architect to have this, to draw out every detail and to specify every point. If the workman is to be a mere machine, the final result cannot wholly escape being mechanical. Only when the workman can be



FARMHOUSE, BREWER STREET, BLETCHINGLEY.

trusted to put some little of himself into his work, and to put it in aright, shall we get the human effect, the personality—if such a word may be used of inanimate objects—which we undoubtedly feel to be present in the delightful yeomen's homes which Messrs. Green and Davie so agreeably bring before us in this volume.



PARNHAM is especially known to-day as the crowded home of an infinite number of beautiful things—a museum of the decorative arts of sixteenth and seventeenth century Europe. It contains the patiently and judiciously-formed collection of its present owner, Mr. Vincent

Robinson, whose descriptive and illustrated catalogue, published by Bernard Quaritch in 1902, forms a large and interesting quarto volume. But Parnham is more than this. It is itself almost a museum piece, for its east or entrance front is an almost untouched specimen of that most excellent and purely

native style of country house building which the peaceful and prosperous age of the Tudor Henries gave to England. It stands delightfully, looking down a most picturesque and gloriously-timbered little valley—a fit and harmonious setting—and it was, for three centuries, the home of one of the chief branches of a "right antient and worshipfull familie" of weight and distinction in our South-Western Counties. Well, therefore, may Parnham find place in this "Country Homes" series, and the large number of these representative and varied views of it will bring home to the reader both its historical charm and its present interest.

Steep, indeed, after the true Dorset pattern, are the ways that lead down from the hills which, except towards the south, encircle the little town of Beaminster. They form its shelter from the winds and its storehouse for water. From their base, a mile or so north of the town, issue abundant springs, which already at Parnham sweep past its western front as a river of some pretension—a river which has but a ten-mile course to run ere it falls into the sea at Bridport. The history of Beaminster—long a place where timber and thatch predominated as building materials—is essentially a history of repeated and consuming fires, and it shows, therefore, few architectural traces of its undoubted antiquity. We can only call it "neat" and leave it undescribed, all but its church, built, as is Parnham House, of the fine ashlar stone, which gives both duration and distinction to so many an ancient building in Somerset and the contiguous parts of Dorset. The church stands somewhat isolated on a knoll, and so stood safe many a time as it looked down upon its lay brethren perishing in the flames. It is a fine church in which the Perpendicular style predominates, but more than one "complete restoration" has left little of interest in its interior. But it bears witness to the nearness of Parnham and to the importance of its lords, for, with others of this family, Thomas Strode, in a great periwig and a flowing gown, occupies with complacent dignity the centre of a great mural monument. He comes far down in the pedigree of a race whom old heralds derived from one Warinus de la Strode, who is said to have lived in the time of the Conqueror, and "to have been of the family of the Dukes of Bretagne." It was fashionable—nay, almost *de rigueur*—until quite recent times to set such a name at the top of the tree of a



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SOUTH-EAST GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PART OF EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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SOUTH-EAST WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



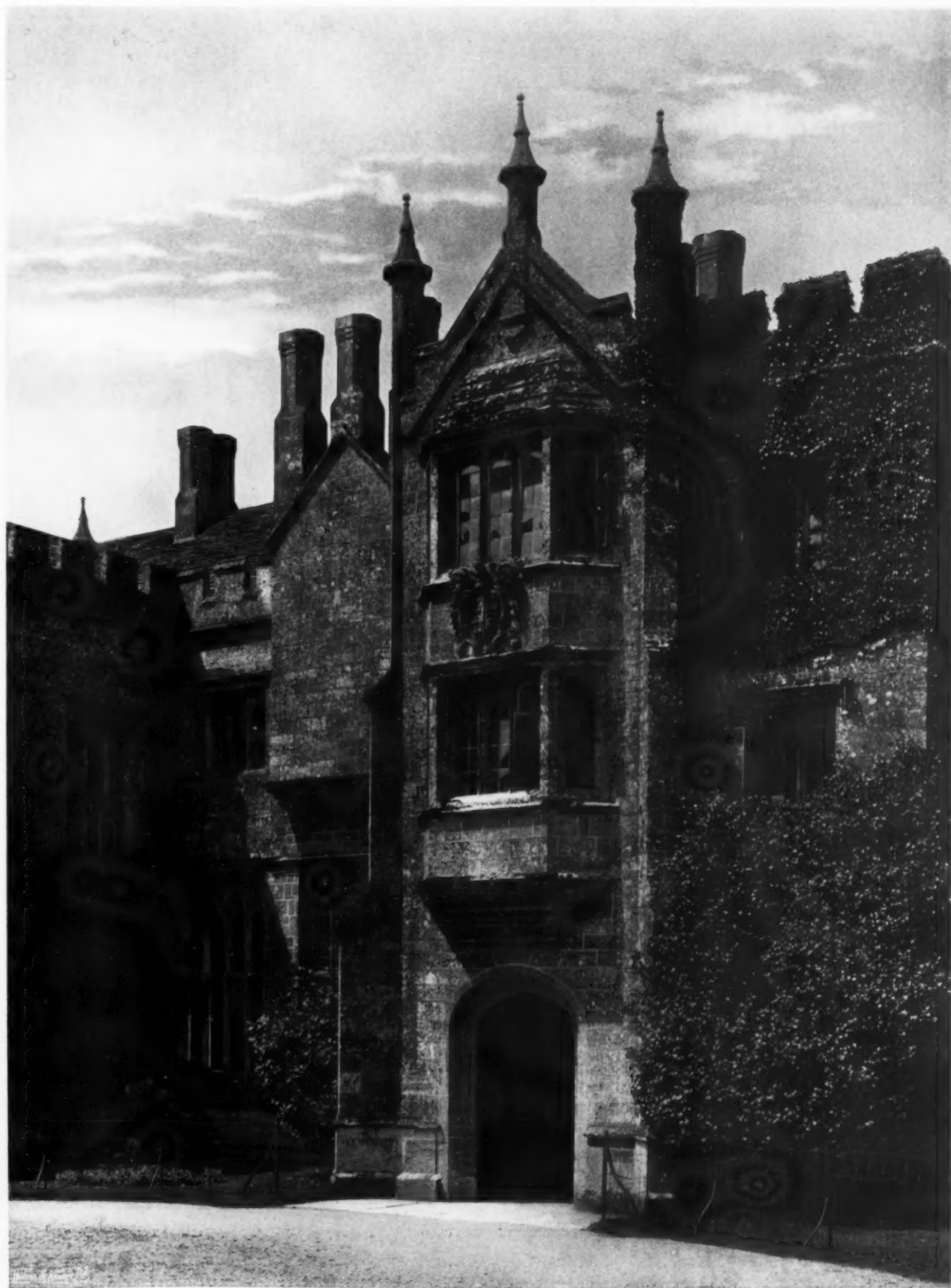
Copyright.

THE SOUTH END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

family of any respectability, even where documentary ancestry appears late on the scene. But in the case of the Strodes we do get an early record, for in the reign of Rufus one John de Strode is found releasing lands to Hugh his son. These lands were in the parish of Lydlinch, where there are still lands known as Strode, and which remained in possession of the family until the

de Parnham. Melplash lies two miles south of Beaminster, and its manor house, now used as a farm, retains many seventeenth century features. Halfway between Melplash and Beaminster lies Parnham, and the family that held it and were called after it in the time of Rufus continued in possession till Richard II. was King, when their heiress carried it to



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

beginning of the nineteenth century. Lydlinch lies quite twenty miles away from Beaminster to the east; but that, even at this early date, the Strodes had some connection with the immediate vicinage of Beaminster seems clear from the fact that the release of John to Hugh is witnessed by John de Melplash and Sir John

Sir Nicholas de Paulet, whose great-grand-daughter, Elizabeth Gerard, wedded Richard de Strode under Henry VI. Thus Parnham came to the Strodes and remained with them till the death of the last male of the family in 1764. It then descended through the female line to the Oglanders of Nunwell, and they



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A TUDOR WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

held it likewise so long as the name of Oglander continued from father to son. Never, therefore, had the estate descended other than by inheritance in the same blood until shortly before Mr. Vincent Robinson's purchase in 1896. Parnham is part of Beaminster, and Beaminster was a Hundred belonging to the Bishops of Sarum, of whom Parnham was held by Soccage tenure. Much of its land lay low, in the fertile valley of the Brit, and would fetch, even in the eighteenth century, a rental of 40s. to 50s. an acre. But the estate also stretched up on to the hill-land, where in old time was "the park of deer called Parnham park, or Horn park, paled in with cleft oak and containing about 70 acres, well wooded and stored with timber trees." Beyond Horn Park lay Horn Hill, one of those wide expanses of pasture which we still find on the Dorset uplands. Marching with the Horn Hill portion of the Parnham Estate was the farm of East Hewstock, originally a moated home and the residence of the Strodes. Here it was that

Richard de Strode lived, and whence he courted and captivated the heiress of Parnham. Then he came down the hill and hung up his hat in her hall, which their descendants occupied and re-edified. Such was, both before and after this Richard's time, the Strode fashion of getting on, for we are told that they "much bettered their estates by the heirs of Sir John de Britton, Fitchet, Gerard, Ledred and Hoddy, families of good note in these parts." The last, indeed, was of "good note" beyond the Beaminster region, for Sir John Hody was Chief Baron of the Exchequer in the fifteenth century. It was his grand-daughter Elizabeth who, in 1522, wedded Robert Strode, and it may have been this increase in his fortunes which enabled him, some years later, when his father had died, to rebuild to a large extent the house at Parnham. It is to him that we owe the east front much as we see it now. None of these illustrations shows this elevation in its completeness. Its porch and its south wing are well represented, but of its north wing only a detail of a long, low, six-light window appears. Above this, on two storeys, are pairs of four-light windows, and above again is one of three lights in the gable. It will be noticed that this is quite a different arrangement from that of the south wing, whose gabled end is occupied by a great two-storeyed bay of tall transomed windows. The design, therefore, shows some balance, but no symmetry. That is quite what we should expect. It is very seldom that in conjunction with such Gothic features as twisted finials, corner buttresses and arched window lights we get so entirely symmetrical an elevation as at Barrington Court, which lies in Somerset, fifteen miles north-west of Parnham, and which in the seventeenth century was the home of one of the branches of the Strode family. Barrington is a house of Elizabethan model but with Gothic incidents. The east front of Parnham comes entirely within the late Gothic era when the Renaissance had



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ASCENT TO LADIES' GARDEN.

"C.L."



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THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE ARBOUR TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE LADIES' GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tinged but not modified it. As far, however, as the irregularity of this front of Parham is concerned, it is the result of pre-existing circumstance rather than of intentional design. Robert Strode did not entirely rebuild, but only largely added to and altered the home of his fathers, and the different levels and more horizontal fenestration of the north wing no doubt represent the older building incorporated into the new. He was alive to the domestic developments of his day, and departed largely from the mediæval model in his house planning. The hall, indeed, occupied a central position, was entered through the porch and behind the screens, and had the offices lying beyond the screen end and the parlours beyond the upper end. It took the whole width of the house, being lighted from each side. But it was of no preponderating size, and was of single-storey height, while the south wing, containing the parlours, was of ampler size enough to enable them to be separate and large. A glance at the east elevation shows that this is no case of a hall horizontally bisected and ceiled at a later date. Its windows rise

to the height of two of the storeys of the older building to the north of the porch, but they have rooms above them with original windows and original chimney-breast boldly corbelled out. More than this it is difficult to say of the arrangement of the house as Robert Strode left it when he died in 1558, for it has been much altered at several subsequent times and has felt the full destructive blast of the "Gothic revival." We must be thankful that so much of the exterior was left practically untouched. The lasting substance of the Hamdon ashlar, of which it is built, made repair unnecessary, so that its fine texture, grey with age, but warm with moss and lichens, forms a noble background for the choice bushes—such as the camellia on the right of the porch, and the magnolia *Soulangiana* wreathing the great bays of the south wing—which the mild climate and favourable soil cause to luxuriate. Mr. Vincent Robinson found good features in the gardens. The slope of the ground south and west towards the limpid Brit, running in its leafy hollow, is a natural amenity of great value, while the fine wall and well-grown yew buttresses and hedges in the "ladies' garden" were artificial adjuncts of the best type. They have all been used as a starting-point for further developments, which are realised in these illustrations. The gates to the bowling green are a well-designed and delicately-wrought example of the Italian ironworker's art, dating from the sixteenth century and coming from Fiesole, while the lion's head in the segmental wall of the arbour terrace tells, in a restrained and picturesque way, of that country's garden waterworks. Vases, gateposts, finials, balustrades are good and plentiful, but not overcrowded and obtrusive. They enhance the charm of this old English home and do not overwhelm it. The prettiest scene is perhaps on the bowling green, where the fine sundial of classic type, with its well-sculptured masks and drapery festoons, stands on an old millstone, while beyond is an arcaded yew hedge



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BUTTRESSES OF YAW.

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THE LONG WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the same kind as is to be found at Montacute. It needs but a little more time and attention to realise Bacon's idea of a "Stately Arched Hedge" which was to have "over every Arch a little Turret with a Belly enough to receive a Cage of Birds." All these garden features imply a size and elaboration much beyond the ambitions of Robert Strode and his immediate successors, though the house even then was not without agreeable surroundings. It had its "garden of pleasure," around which Robert's son, John, built a wall. He also enclosed the court and erected a gatehouse, and in the next generation we hear of the existence of three orchards, out-gardens and ponds containing four acres. This brings us to the time when the

mind in these terms: "If you please to deale with me for my daughter, I will accept of you before any man living, and a thousand pound better cheape than any other I protest to you; I will assure unto your son and my daughter and to their heirs for ever yearly six hundred pound." In return Sir William was to supply £2,000 with his son, a sum which Sir Robert would find useful for the payment of additional lands which he had purchased. Some such bargain was struck, and Catharine Strode became the wife of her cousin Sir Richard; and if a son had resulted from the match all would, no doubt, have been well and he would have been the inheritor of both the Parnham and the Newnham estates. Catharine Strode, however, had daughters only, and

the question of whether Parnham was to pass to Sir Richard of Newnham, Sir Robert's son-in-law, or to Sir John of Chantemarle, his younger brother, was one that led to much litigation under the first Stuarts and the Commonwealth. Neither party considered that Sir Robert had behaved well to them. Sir Richard accuses him of an "intent to deceive his own children of their said estates," whereas Sir John evidently thought that the £3,333 he had to pay out of his brother's estate to Sir Richard's daughters was more than enough. Sir John was a lawyer, and a successful one, and he no doubt used his knowledge and his influence to assure to himself and his son the succession to Parnham. His career was profitable, and in 1605 he had bought of the Cheverels the manor of Chantemarle, on the Somerset border. There he established himself and did much building, as the pictures which we published last year of the remaining portions showed. There is evidence that Chantemarle, as Sir John "conceived and plotted it," was never completed, and this may be accounted for by his brother's death and his entry into Parnham, which evidently became his centre of interest. In 1627, he built almshouses at Beaminster, and the next year he drew up that careful survey of the whole estate which is our best record of what the house and grounds were originally like. But he seems to have remained in harness, attending to his own, if not to other peoples' legal matters and litigations; and it was in his chambers in the Temple that he died in 1642 at the age of eighty-one. He thus escaped the evil times which the Civil Wars were to bring upon Loyalists. In 1642, Charles's party was still dominant in the South-West, and no family there was of more influence than the Wyndhams of Orchard Wyndham, of which Dame Anne Strode was a member. She was Sir John's widow and, according to Sir Richard Strode, had "the power of that side in the warre time unjustly to keep the possession of the said lands at Parnham," for the benefit of her son, the younger Sir John. That Sir Richard's case was not as good as he fancied or pretended is proved by the fact that, though the side which he and his brother espoused was soon triumphant, he was still, in 1652, unavailingly petitioning Parliament and Cromwell to do him justice against "Sir John's foul misdemeanures and perjurie" and "the corruption of the Lords Finch and Coventry." Meanwhile desolation



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GATEWAY OF BOWLING GREEN.

"C.L."

Strodes, as a wide-spreading family of several branches, reached their greatest development and importance. There were Strodes in Sussex and in Herefordshire, in Somerset and in Devon, as well as in Dorset, and several of them were to play some part in public affairs during the seventeenth century. In the days of Elizabeth, when Sir Robert, the elder grandson of Robert Strode the builder, ruled at Parnham, the Devonshire branch was headed by Sir William Strode of Newnham, near Plympton. Both were men of worth and substance, and an alliance, which should lead to the welding of the estates, was contemplated. Sir Robert had a daughter only, and we find him, in 1596, writing to his "special good cousen" to acquaint him with his

had come upon Beaminster. Prince Maurice was lying there with his troops in 1644 when, "on Palm Sunday, a musket discharged in the gable of John Sargent's house in North Street" started a fire which destroyed most of the town. Then came the turn in the tide of the war and with it the doom of Dame Jane and her son, for, if we are to believe Sir Richard, at the time that Cromwell "had totally routed the enemy in the West, and near about that day one of his soldiers with his sword casually killed the said Sir John's wife in the same place Parnham which she so unlawfully kept," while, "her son, who about the same time also fled into an other place, was taken prisoner for the Parliament for his

malignancy." The Strodes had been active in the war on both sides. Sir George of the Shepton Mallet branch was a keen fighter for his King, and fought at Edgehill against his cousin William, Sir Richard's younger brother. As member for Bereahton, William was one of those who strongly supported Sir John Eliot's famous resolutions in 1629, and helped to hold Speaker Finch down in the chair while they were put and carried.

This led him to the Tower with other popular members. He came out in 1640 a martyr and a fanatic, and thus earned the scarce-deserved distinction of being one of the five members whom Charles tried to arrest in the House of Commons in 1642. His extreme position and heated eloquence led to his being described as "he that makes all the bloody motions." They were popular enough amid the clash of arms,

and when he died in 1645 he was voted a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. Whether the dispute as to the Parnham succession had anything to do with this great divergence of political views between the cousins does not appear; but if worsted in the fight and for a time a prisoner, the younger Sir John succeeded in keeping hold of the family estate. There was sequestration and a composition to pay, but his legal title to the estate seems to have been fully allowed, even in the Commonwealth times, despite Sir Richard's outcry. Parnham remained to the descendants of Sir John Strode of Chantemarle, but in the following century the extinction of the male line brought it to a family of equally long descent and of equally loyal leanings. Of them and of Parnham's later days there will be something to say next week, when the interior of the house will be illustrated.

T.

THE WORKSOP MANOR STUD.

ABOUT the old Worksop Manor House, which Sir John Robinson has made his own, there is a certain stateliness and a dignity which it inherits from the past. To these has now been added the peaceful charm of an English home. Everywhere is plenty; cheery faces greet the stranger at every turn; the beasts in the fields are fat and prosperous, and the young thorough-bred horses, with which I shall presently have to deal, show by their friendly inquisitiveness that they have been brought up to look kindly upon mankind. With ample space at his disposal, it was only to be expected that Sir John Robinson should set about the formation of an establishment for the breeding of thorough-breds; that he did so and that the Worksop Manor Stud has long since come to be looked upon as one of the foremost in the country are matters of general knowledge. To such an undertaking there is, of course, a commercial side, in that, like other breeders, Sir John is keenly alive to the importance of obtaining good prices for his yearlings when the annual Doncaster sales come round; but he is fortunately so situated that he can afford to, and does, breed upon what, in his opinion, are the best lines, without regarding too closely whether or no his ideas are altogether in accord with the notions of the less well-informed people who, ignoring to a great extent the truth of make and shape, and with but a shallow grasp of the best principles of breeding, madly rush into reckless expenditure in the purchase of what, for want of a better word, may be called "fashionable" yearlings.

That Worksop-bred horses have held their own upon the race-course is proved by a glance at their performances. We find, for instance, that in 1906 seventeen animals from the stud won between them twenty-nine races, amounting in value to 8,965 sovs., among them being Poussin, Linacre, Gingal, Wendouree and Bass Rock. In 1907, thirty-two races, amounting to a total value of 9,248 sovs., went to the credit of eighteen winners bred at the stud, Linacre, Romney, Stick Up,



Rough

BROWN FILLY BY AYRSHIRE—ARDMORE.

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Yvette, Pillo and Damage among them. As far as we have gone in the present year, 7,311 sovs. represents the value of the fifteen races won by nine animals bred by Sir J. Robinson; but unless I am altogether mistaken, that amount will be very largely increased before the racing season is over. For the purposes of the stud, between 600 and 700 acres of land have been divided up into paddocks of various dimensions, and although there is plenty of space, it is none too much, when it is taken into account that just now accommodation has to be found for some three-and-twenty brood mares, twenty-seven foals and twenty two yearlings. The soil is good, quite good enough for the rearing of bloodstock, and Sir John points with pardonable pride to the well-developed bone and clean feet and legs of the youngsters, remarking as he does so, "Fairly good for bad land; don't you think so?" He will add, too, that in his opinion any sort of land will do for bloodstock. Without, perhaps, going quite so far as that, it is more than probable that bloodstock can be successfully reared on "any sort of land," provided that the land, however bad it might be, were treated with the scientific liberality which obtains in the management of the Worksop paddocks. But what Sir John means is that sound medium soil is better than rich feeding land for the rearing of bloodstock. The former assists the development of bone, whereas the latter tends to the formation of fat. There can be no manner of doubt that the sound, healthy growth and development of the young stock, and the large proportion of them which subsequently become winners of races, are due to the perfectly natural and simple method in which they are brought up. Light, air—as much of it as possible, space, exercise and nothing but the best of natural food are the "secrets" upon which Sir John relies. No dark and stuffy boxes or sheds are to be found at Worksop. Night and day the air blows through them. All of them are lofty as well as spacious, and wherever there might be a lack of light glass tiles are let into the roof. The



W. A. Kouch.

BAY COLT BY ST. FRUSQUIN—ORPAH.

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Kench. CH. COLT BY ST FRUSQUIN—LADY SEVINGTON. Copyright.



W. A. Kench CH. FILLY BY GALLINULE—NAT. Copyright.



W. A. Kench BK. COLT BY WILLIAM III.—TRIBONIX. Copyright.

"taking up" of the yearlings before they are sent to Doncaster consists more in the handling of them to get them used to being led out than anything else. No artificial methods of feeding are employed, nor is any strapping or grooming of their limbs resorted to. They are, practically speaking, out of doors all day long, and you have but to feel them to know that they are as they look—in hard and healthy condition. And this, it is almost needless to add, is of the greatest importance from a buyer's point of view. Such yearlings as these a trainer can go straight on with, whereas, more often than not, the fat and pampered yearlings, of which we see too many in the sale-rings, melt away to nothing and have to undergo a long rebuilding process before they are fit to stand work.

Of the yearlings which will this year represent the Workshop Stud at Doncaster, well-bred, well-grown and level a lot though they be, I think that the beautiful brown filly by Ayrshire out of Ardmore will be the most admired. She is, indeed, as fine a specimen of a yearling as a man may wish to see. A hard, whole-coloured brown, the size, scope, power and reach of a high-class race-horse are hers; she shows, moreover, great quality and is full of character. Beautifully balanced, place her how you like, she is always standing true, and up hill or down hill she marches out with the same free, even stride. Her picture will speak for her better than words, and serves, too, to show her well-developed bone and clean, flat, muscular limbs. Most sincerely do I hope that she may pass into the possession of an owner of standing and repute, and that one of these days she may be seen carrying colours known and respected in the racing world. Bred as she is, she should be of great value at the stud when her racing days are over, and it may be as well to mention that she herself belongs to the No. 11 family. Her good looks apart, she can hardly help racing—most of Ayrshire's stock do so, and her dam gets them to go fast and stay into the bargain, as witness her son Riverina, by Raeburn. Not so big as some of the Gallinules, the filly by that sire out of Nat (2) is nevertheless a nice, short-backed, active sort, that looks like coming to hand early and being sharp off the mark. She should race, and it may be as well to remember that young, well-bred Gallinule mares like this will always be in demand for the stud. Etui, the dam of a nice racing-like filly by The Victory, is a young mare (1902), a half-sister by Breadknife to Bass Rock and Gingal, and although the filly in question is hardly looking her best just now, she is not unlikely to prove a bargain to whoever may secure her; she has exceptionally good heart room, and through her sire traces back to the stout old Fisherman strain of blood. If time and space permit, we shall be able to go and look at some more of the fillies, but the colts must be visited just now. There is not much of St. Frusquin about his strong, racing-like chestnut colt out of Lady Sevington, a mare by Gallinule. So typically "Gallinule," indeed, is the colt, that, did not one know to the contrary, it might easily be thought that Captain Greer's famous old horse was actually his sire, instead of being, as he is, his maternal grandsire. The youngster is, at all events, a fine powerful colt, with great liberty and plenty of character, and is certain to attract much attention when he gets to Doncaster. Another good St. Frusquin colt is the one out of Orpah 8, by Orme out of Ruth, by Scottish Chief. His ribs are well sprung, and he has good reach and scope, with well-placed shoulders, great power in his quarters and good clean limbs. About this colt are great possibilities, and in good hands he might well develop into a race-horse of more than average merit. Not so taking in appearance, perhaps, is the bay colt by Carbine out of Society Lady 8, but there is a good deal to like about him. He is a hard, wiry sort of customer, that is tolerably sure to pay his way; but he is more or less dwarfed by comparison with the slashing chestnut colt by Ayrshire out of Doremi (2), a Bend Or mare out of Lady Emily, by Macaroni, and herself the dam of Rondeau. Big and powerful as he is, he was a late foal—April 28th—but his short back, fine reach, sweeping lines on the top of his loins and quarters, great knees and hocks and muscular second thighs should go to the making of a race-horse, and I shall follow his career

with no little interest. Unlike the majority of the Carabines, the chestnut colt out of Goldseeking Gal (4), the dam of Yvette and other winners, is quite a massive youngster; but there is much to like about him, and he has a sensible, honest expression, suggesting that whatever he can do will be done willingly. He has a habit of standing much as Pretty Polly used to do, with her fore legs well underneath her; he is well let down and is a lengthy sort of colt that, if given time to furnish and develop, is more than likely to "do something" one of these days. Robert le Diable was himself a race-horse of no mean order, and those who have had an opportunity of seeing him as he now stands at Lord Carnarvon's stud knew well what a grand-looking stallion he has "furnished" into. Not a little of himself has he transmitted to his strong bay colt out of Melba, a Necromancer mare. A very nice colt indeed is this, with tremendous power, deep girth, thick through the heart, short back, width of bone below the hocks, and no end of propelling power in his quarters. William III., a grandly-bred horse by St. Simon out of Gravity, has, like so many other St. Simon horses, proved to be a successful stallion from the very commencement of his stud career, and his chestnut colt out of Brillanté (1) is a young horse of nice quality, with plenty of liberty and character, though I think I prefer his other colt, a strong, short-backed youngster out of Tribonyx (4), a nice young mare by Gallinule out of Fervour, by Chippendale. I like, too, the look of this colt's pedigree, and shall be curious to see how he may turn out. The Cobham stallion Collar is represented by a nicely-balanced, good-quality colt out of Ziria 9, by Kendal out of Arcadia (the dam of Cyllene). It will be remembered that Stick Up is by Collar out of a Kendal mare, and although the colt in question is not a very big one, he is big enough, for when Collar, as he often does, gets them big, they want to be given plenty of time to "furnish." Rather low in her back and loins is a bay filly by Robert le Diable out of Shilling, by St. Serf; but she is a sharp sort of youngster, and is a rare mover when she sets herself going; she is sure to improve as she makes her growth, and will race.

Much as I should like to be able to give more time to the yearlings, I cannot well do so; the mares must be looked at, and so too must the foals, though the telling of how they are bred and what they look like must be held over for another occasion. Sir John loves his young stock; he delights to watch them growing up. "They are only babies," he says; "you must be kind to them." Lady Robinson, too, knows all about them, and has shown her judgment by exercising a right of "Heriot" with regard to the beautiful Ardmore filly alluded to at the beginning of these notes.

T. H. B.

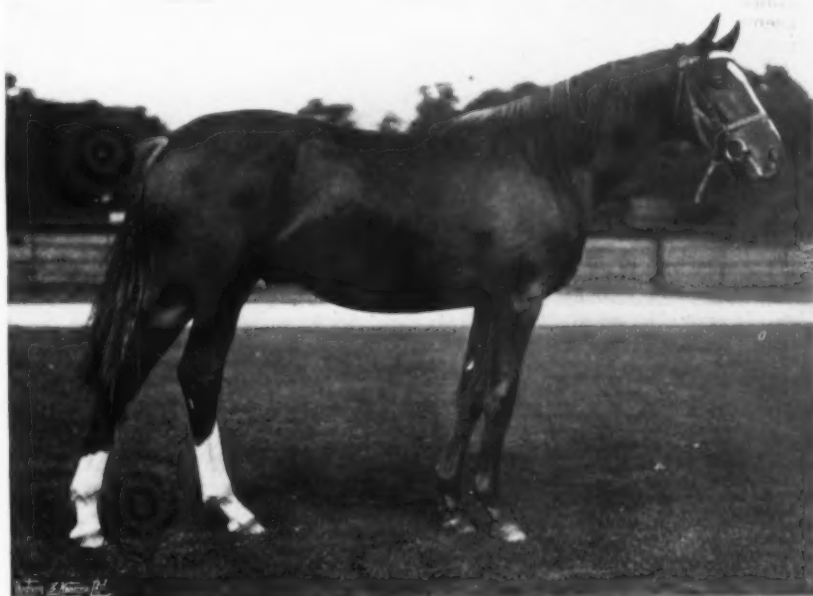
IN THE GARDEN.

THE SEASIDE SHRUB GARDEN.

MANY gardeners, I imagine, have before this exclaimed at, and even anathematised, the overpowering growth and sucking powers of the good old evergreen *Hypericum calycinum*, better known as the Rose of Sharon, and yet how constantly it is planted because "it will take care of itself"! There is, however, another *Hypericum*, the "Tutsan," or *Hypericum androsaemum*, which has none of the objections and all the merits of the Rose of Sharon save one, and that is, it is not evergreen; but as a garden or shrubbery plant it is of the very highest merit and is not nearly as common as it should be. The other day, on a wild bank sloping down to the sea, it was one billowy mass of bright green foliage and equally gay yellow blossoms with long, feathery stamens—far more effective in the mass than the larger flowers of *H. calycinum*. Later on in autumn the black berries and the red-brown leaves and stems make an artistic effect against the sea and the waves; and when, after the winter, it has been cut down to the ground, the wild blue Hyacinths or the planted Daffodils clothe the bare banks till the spring growth hides their dying foliage with its vigorous green shoots. The garden nowadays is so large



W. A. Rouch. BAY COLT BY ROBERT LE DIABLE—MELBA. Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. CH. COLT BY CARBINE—GOLDSEEKING GAL. Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. CH. COLT BY AYRSHIRE—DOREMI. Copyright.

that one seeks broad effects rather than the severely-trimmed parterre nearer the house, and this plant is even more indispensable than the Tamarisk, which has been thought the most useful shrub for the seaside. This fine season Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles is in great beauty, having also been cut back freely during the winter, with Lupines to cover the ground in spring; and there is yet another neat blue-grey shrub to flower that is an excellent seaside plant, viz., *Caryopteris mastacanthus*, which, with its blue Sage-like effect, is a good variation from the rather straggling Asters of autumn that need so frequently to be tied up or thinned out. Its low-toned colouring and neat growth render it very welcome on a dry bank. Shrubby Veronicas are all admirable plants for the seaside all round the coast, but the pity is that so few sorts are grown from seed, which will afford a desirable variety. The hybrid ornamental-flowered New Zealand shrubby types seed most abundantly, often sowing themselves in fairly moist and sheltered positions; but it is best to collect the seed and sow it in pans in a rather shaded frame, when an enormous quantity will germinate in a few days. The process of elimination is most curious when the seedlings are planted out the following year. Many of the most vigorous will die in the first winter's frost, while some will be quite untouched, so I think it best to allow the tender seedlings to die at once and not nurse them up only to fall victims later on. Then comes the future elimination of shy blooming or inferior types of seedling as they show their true qualities, and it will give years of interest to the amateur who is determined to establish a fine type of this autumn and winter flowering shrub. Anyone desirous of having an interesting shrub garden by the sea should seriously set himself or herself to collecting the varied types of shrubby Veronica. The number seems endless—just like the Saxifrages of the Alps, whose varieties, species and hybrids are enough to stock a garden in themselves; and by the seashore there are few that do not prove hardy. I have found *Lilium auratum* thrive unusually when protected from sun and cold winds by handsome purple-flowering Veronicas, which contrast admirably with the golden-rayed stars of the Lily, and can be so easily removed when they grow too big. In their native country they (the Lilies) naturally spring up through a carpet of dwarf Bamboo, but in England I think that suitable shrubby Veronica forms the best shelter for *Lilium auratum*, especially when there is much clay or lime in the soil. A good soaking of water and a mulch of manure in July and August are cultural details that will be fully repaid.

Hemerocallis and *Funkias*.—In Japan I well remember my delight at seeing *Rosa rugosa*, Orange Lilies (*L. umbellatum*) and *Hemerocallis fulva* all growing down to the seashore, and

the iridescent shells of the Venus-ear shell (*Haliothis*) strewn the seashore at their feet. We may not have the splendid *Haliothis* shells on our shores, but the Orange Lilies, the Japanese Roses and the *Hemerocallis* will brave the sea and the winds down to the very edge of the sands; and I doubt if a better combination could be found, especially now that we have so many seedling and hybrid varieties both of the *Hemerocallis* and the Rose.

Funkia Sieboldi.—If there is one *Funkia* better and hardier than another, it is, perhaps, this. It possesses the happy characteristic of thriving in sun or shade; it is handsomest, however, in the shade, where it attains far greater size, though its glaucous grey colour is accentuated by exposure. Were it not that snails and slugs, where they abound, destroy the sculptural beauty of its bold foliage, I should say it was proof against every foe; but still, for summer undergrowth between shrubs it is quite unrivalled.

EDWARD H. WOODALL.

THE FREESIA.

THIS is a pretty class of flowering bulbs, one of which, *F. refracta alba*, is a universal favourite. The flowers are white with a yellowish blotch and deliciously fragrant. Immense numbers of bulbs of *Freesias* are sent to this country every year from the Channel Islands and the South of France. They reach here usually in the month of August, and should be potted as soon as possible after that date, as, being of small size, they soon suffer if kept lying about. Eight bulbs in a pot 5 in. in diameter make an effective group, or if larger masses are desired twelve may be put in a 6 in. pot. A suitable soil is formed of two-thirds loam to one-third leaf mould and a little silver sand. In potting, the bulbs should be put at such a depth that they are covered with about three-quarters of an inch of soil. Then, if possible, place them in a frame with plenty of air, this amount of protection being only necessary to ward off heavy rains. The soil must be kept slightly moist till the plants make their appearance, after which more water may be given; but an excess of moisture must be avoided in all stages. As autumn advances the plants should be taken into the greenhouse, choosing as light and airy a position as possible. After the flowering season is over they must be regularly watered till the foliage shows signs of decay, when water should be gradually withheld and the pots stood on a shelf in order to thoroughly ripen the bulbs. They must then be kept quite dry, and in August shaken clear of the old soil and repotted as directed for imported bulbs.

GLADIOLI FLOWERS FROM LANGPORT.

Messrs. Kelway and Sons, Langport, send flowers of some of the most beautiful of this family. We have never seen a finer form than *Kelway's White*, a flower of almost spotless purity, of graceful shape and with strength of spike, too; we congratulate Messrs. Kelway on raising it. *Edward VII.* is a glorious scarlet, and also sent were *Golden Ray*, a clear canary yellow; *Cellini*, red; and *Sea Mouse*, which is of a purplish shade. For clearness of colouring and beauty this series is remarkable.

LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED TOPOGRAPHY.

Shropshire, Herefordshire and Monmouth, Glamorgan and Gower, by A. C. Bradley. (Constable and Co.)

The Charm of the English Village, by P. H. Ditchfield and Sydney R. Jones. (Batsford.)

TWO books have lately been published whose object is by pleasant narrative and suggestive illustration to increase our appreciative acquaintance with rural Britain, with the picturesqueness of its scenery and architecture and with the character of its traditions and modes of life. Of these two books, Mr. Bradley's is an old friend in a new garb, and it is a question whether this new tailoring is an improvement. His *March and Borderland of Wales* was well written and much appreciated, and another edition was called for. It was a book which was a useful companion to anyone visiting the lands that are watered by Severn, Wye and Usk. But it was, amid other desirable impedimenta, rather bulky and heavy even for the motorist, and much more so for the cyclist or pedestrian. The second edition seeks to remedy this defect. The paper is lightened and lessened and there are two volumes. There is much gain in this, but there is also loss. The paper does not make the best of the sketches, which were the least successful part of the old book, and the narrow margins intensify the rather wearying appearance of the black, close-set type. On the other hand, the get up of *The Charm of the English Village* leaves nothing to be desired. The type is well chosen and most agreeably placed on the ample pages, whose substantial paper, glossy but not glassy, gives full value to Mr. Sydney Jones's pictures. He, too, has worked in Herefordshire, and in some cases—as at Weobley and Richard's Castle—the same subject has been treated in both books under review, but with a very different result. As regards letterpress, we are relieved from the necessity of making comparisons, because the scope and aim of the two books is very different. Mr. Bradley has carefully traversed and intelligently observed the country he describes. He knows its history and its traditions. He is the biographer of Owen Glyndwr, and the Welsh Borderland—especially where Herefordshire marches with the Welsh Counties—was the scene of most of that interesting adventurer's successes and failures. Mr. Bradley dwells lovingly on the church and manor farm of the little Herefordshire village of Monnington, where the fallen hero would come and visit his daughter and where tradition places his grave; and he confesses it was a shock to him that the old parishioner who was fulfilling his office of sexton by mowing the churchyard grass had never heard of the Welsh patriot, whose bones were, perhaps, just beneath his scythe. But

Mr. Bradley is not merely an antiquarian; he is sympathetic with Nature and has the true sportsman's eye for the ways of fish, flesh and fowl. The former trait in his character is well shown by his admirable description of "the common roadside hedge: I do not mean a hedge covered all over with briar roses or honeysuckle and banked up with foxgloves which will fill the eye of anyone, but an ordinary flowerless hedge of restrained impulse and conventional appearance. It is surprising how gratefully it responds to some slight passing notice, what a store of various shades and textures it presents, what a fresh and fluttering patchwork it is of elm and ash, of thorn and elder, of oak and beech, of hazel, maple and briar before the summer dust and summer suns have dimmed its lustre." As a fisherman he watches the ripple of every pool and knows what it means. He holds the chub to be "an outrage in a Welsh stream, and has proved an unmitigated nuisance in all the tributaries of the Wye. He has taken unto himself more and more of late the airs, without possessing a single saving grace, of a mountain fish. He will breast any rapid and disport himself in some rock-bound and romantic pool amid the Black Mountains, as if he belonged there and owned it like a kilted grocer on a Highland grouse moor. But brass and push and energy will achieve anything, and the chub has all that. Born, or rather spawned, with a fancy for a fly which is creditable to him in his proper sphere, he will take yours sometimes under the very nose, for all you know, of some well-intentioned mountain trout and fill zoysds. of precious water with panic by his lubberly antics." Possessed of such keen and varied perceptions and of so graceful a power of translating them into words, Mr. Bradley must be an ever-entertaining travelling companion. If not himself, at least his book, in light travelling form, is now at hand to accompany any who seek a few days' relaxation amid the natural beauties and romantic associations of Glamorgan and Gower, of Herefordshire and Shropshire. Mr. P. H. Ditchfield's letterpress in *The Charm of the English Village* has, as we have said, a different aim. He gives us much of that pleasant antiquarian gossip which made his book on the "Parish Clerk" entertaining. He creates out of his reminiscences and studies a typical village, and describes its general character and particular parts, using Mr. Sydney Jones's pictures to explain and illustrate his theme. He very properly begins with the church, "always the most important and interesting building in the place," and instances that of Cavendish in Suffolk, "with cottages clustering round it like children holding the gown of their good mother, and in the foreground the village green, the scene of many a rural revel." Little Hadham is used as representative of fine old interior fittings—a fifteenth century screen and a Jacobean pulpit and sounding board; while Clun supplies a charming example of a lych-gate. There

is a useful and suggestive chapter on "Cottage Architecture." Our towns, as a rule, have got on too well to have retained anything more than scattered remnants of the past. Eighteenth and nineteenth century prosperity has produced an almost universal rebuilding and refronting, in which sash has replaced mullion and parapet hides gables. But in our villages we still have—unfortunately in diminishing number—whole groups and lines of habitations which speak clearly and openly of the taste and the ways of living of our sixteenth and seventeenth century ancestors. "The builders of these used no alien material. They built surely and well with the substances best suited for their purpose which the neighbourhood afforded. Stone, timber, flint, all were made to serve their purpose." Hence the acceptable variety of village architecture in different districts, that kinship between the works of Nature and those of man, that geological as well as æsthetic interest which we meet in many a village street. Stone examples from Somerset, flint and pargeted plaster from Essex, timber framing from Kent are shown us to prove this, and then we are taken across the threshold of a North Devonshire peasant to see his great open hearth, with a faggot of sticks crackling on the andirons and bringing to the boil the pot and the kettle which are suspended from the chimney-crane and hanger. That which gives a distinguishing and finishing touch to our cottages, and which their Continental counterparts cannot imitate, are their special and apt gardens. The bright and trim beds of old-fashioned flowers are often used as a groundwork to contrast with the sombre green of the upstanding and neatly-clipped box or yew, and it is in these little pictures, in these minute and individual schemes of planting, that the more fanciful and quaint forms of topiary work fit perfectly and delightfully. It is a most diverting incident of road travel to come across, as we do at Stretton Sugwas, set as guardian to the cottage gate, "a very fierce peacock with flowing tail endeavouring to reach across the path to peck some food from a cylindrical-looking vessel on the opposite side." The business of the village centres round its inn and its shop. The latter is "a wondrous place wherein you can buy anything from a bootlace to a side of bacon, sweets for children, needles and thread for the busy housewife, butter and cheese, tea and ginger-beer—endless is the assortment of goods which the village shop provides. . . . There is one at Lingfield, in Surrey, which has performed its useful mission since the fifteenth century." It is, however, the old-fashioned mill which offers the most scope for the artist. Its variety of roof, its wheel and dam, its watery setting, give charm to many a picture of this fast-disappearing relic of the period of small local industries. Modern methods are likewise superseding the barn and the dovecote, which will soon only survive as jealously-guarded archaisms by owners who have a love or a respect for the past. One by one we see the collapse or the removal of these precious documents for the understanding of local history and local ways. If we must lose them, let us all the more welcome their vivid record by the pen and pencil of Messrs. Ditchfield and Jones. T.

LITERARY NOTES.

SINCE the time of Virgil the honey bee has given birth to a body of literature that extends from the time of the Roman poet to that of Maeterlinck. Mr. Tickner Edwardes, therefore, in his *The Love of the Honey Bee* (Methuen and Co.) enters upon well-trodden ground. Yet his book stands out by itself; it is not so poetical as that of the Belgian writer, nor so practical as Mr. Cowan's, but the author, by dint of much reading, has brought together a vast amount of information about this useful and curious insect. Occasionally he touches the verge of poetry, as in his description of the beverage made from honey: "Some of the sixteenth and seventeenth century beekeepers were renowned in their day for their mead-making; and one of the foremost of them claims for his potion that it was absolutely indistinguishable, by the most competent judges, from old Canary Sack. He gives careful directions for the manufacture of his mead; and these can be, and have, indeed, recently been followed with complete success. This mead, when kept for a number of years, froths into the glass like champagne, but still at once, leaving the glass lined with sparkling air-bells. It is of a pale golden colour, and has a bouquet something like old cider; but its flavour is hardly to be compared with any known liquor of the present time. It is interesting, however, to have its originator's authority for its close resemblance to Canary Sack, as this gives a clue to the intrinsic qualities of a wine long since passed out of the popular ken."

The author understands well the real romance of the hive. Here for instance, is a passage that is in the spirit of Maeterlinck: "The principle, all for the greatest good of the greatest number, is elevated into a prime maxim, to which everyone must bow. The fiction of royalty is maintained in harmony with the perfect republican spirit. The females are supreme in everything, the males in nothing. Growth of population is accelerated or retarded, according to estimations of the immediate or future supply of food. The proportion of the sexes is varied at will. The rule, that those who cannot work must not live, is applied with relentless consistency. All the garnered wealth of the State is held in common for the common good. When the settlement becomes too populous, and the boundaries cannot be extended, a large part of its inhabitants are forced to emigrate, taking with them only so much of the State property as they can carry in their haversacks, and relinquishing all claim to the rest. The governing females have apparently agreed among themselves that only one of their number shall exercise the privilege of motherhood; and when her fertility declines, she is deposed, and a new mother-bee, specially raised for the purpose, installed in her place." Mr. Edwards in his charming manner brings his subject up to date with a chapter on "Bee-keeping and the Simple Life."

When Mr. Roy Trevor set out to drive his motor-car through France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden and Germany he undertook a task which proved arduous on more than one occasion; but when he determined to write the account of his wanderings he was setting out to encounter difficulties as great as those already overcome upon the road. In *En Route* (Edward Stanford) Mr. Trevor describes the adventures of himself, three friends and his invaluable chauffeur Dennis during three Continental automobile tours. In the course of these nine countries were visited and nineteen great mountain passes were crossed. While the author is evidently an enthusiastic, practical motorist, he does not devote much space to technicalities in connection with his car's anatomy, but prefers to deal principally with descriptions of scenery, roads and cities. The book contains much information which should prove of great value to other motorists who may be contemplating automobile excursions over the less frequented highways of the Continent; and especially will this be the case when it is proposed to visit the High Alps or Spain, of which the latter is practically virgin soil as far as the motor-car is concerned. Mr. Trevor is at great pains to describe the state of the highways in each of the countries traversed, and is quite at his best when dealing with the winding roads that thread the Alpine passes. It is in his descriptions of scenery that the author's style leaves something to be desired. His evident desire to paint graphically in words, for the benefit of others, the beauties which he has himself enjoyed, is greater than his powers of descriptive writing, the result being that he becomes at times either hackneyed or incoherent. By using adjectives in a less lavish manner his style would be rendered more convincing, and he would have a larger stock of unused words when he really needed them. He would also be well advised to avoid sudden incursions into the region of slang upon occasions which do not justify its employment. For example, Mr. Trevor, after several pages of well-written description of the Tyrol, suddenly informs us that he reached Pizzano, "where hangeth out the Austrian douane." However, despite shortcomings of this kind, and despite, too, the fact that affectionate references to his *fiancée*, a very charming young lady, seem somewhat out of place in a work of this kind, *En Route* is an eminently readable volume. Special praise is due to Mr. Trevor for his narrative of the perilous climb up the Splügen Pass; the reader is quite carried away by the author's transparent delight in the adventure, which is vividly described in straightforward language, free from the irritating artificiality which mars some portions of the book. Mr. Trevor's photographs, with which *En Route* is illustrated, show that, even if he sometimes overreaches himself in writing, the author has not much to learn in the art of selecting attractive subjects for photography, and of dealing with those subjects, when selected, to the best advantage. Some of the Alpine photographs are beyond praise, and it is a matter of no small difficulty to select any one as being better than the rest. Very beautiful is the picture, used as a frontispiece, of the roadway cut from the face of the precipitous cliffs high above the waters of the Lake of Thun, while the photograph of the road up the Splügen Pass gives an excellent idea of the difficulties to be overcome by mountain road-makers. The execrable state of the tracks in Spain is clearly portrayed in some of the photographs secured in that country, and a glance at them will probably discourage any tourist who may be preparing for a motor trip south of the Pyrenees.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

SIR ALFRED LAWRENCE WINS THE KING'S PRIZE.

A GREAT many golfers will have been pleased to read of Sir Alfred Lawrence, the judge, winning King Edward's prize at Marienbad. The handicap committee, which gave him eighteen strokes, were not, from what I remember of his game, as good judges as he is. At least, he proved that he was best man in, at his points, with a net return of 87. After all, someone must win; and that Sir Alfred Lawrence should win is very right, because he has done a great deal for golf—more, perhaps, than most golfers realise. He was one of the founders of the Woking Club, and perhaps the most energetic of them all. Then, but for him and Sir Robert Finlay, the golf at Nairn would never have been what it is. He is also the father of Mr. Clive Lawrence, Captain Trevor Lawrence and Mr. Geoffrey Lawrence, who are all either first-class players or thereabouts. Therefore the debt of the game to this winner of the King's prize is a heavy one.

ROYAL ST. DAVID CLUB'S MEETING.

Every year they get an increasing number of players, and players of the right kind, at the meetings of the Royal St. David's Club at Harlech.

Where they house all the people in the little town, whence men march so melodiously to glory, is something of a mystery, unless indeed they bestow them, with the jackdaws, in the splendid ruins of the old castle. It is right, however, that the golfer should resort there in his legions, for the links are as good as the place is beautiful. The club and all connected with it owe a great deal to the interest which Lord Winchelsea and his late brother, Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton, have taken in it from the very first. The former still lives at Harlech, and was taking part in the recent meeting. It was bad luck that his eldest son, Lord Maidstone, had strained himself so that he was not able to play, but Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton was in the field, as also Mr. Croome, Mr. K. E. Myddelton and other fine golfers. The match-play tournament is the most interesting event of the meeting, and there was a large entry for it. Certainly the handicappers ought to feel very well satisfied with the outcome of their labours, for at every stage the matches were interesting and close. Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton was knocked out in the third round by Mr. W. Best, who received ten strokes, and in the same heat Lord Winchelsea also was put out by Mr. Butcher, receiving two. Lord Winchelsea, Mr. A. C. Croome and Mr. Myddelton all owed two, and the fourth round saw the last two meeting in a splendid match, which only went to the former at the nineteenth

hole. The same round saw the defeat of Mr. J. A. Pott of the home club, who won the aggregate scratch score prize of the meeting. Mr. Croome was second for this and Mr. Myddelton third. The next round again saw a very fine match, of which also Mr. Croome was the hero. Mr. Clive of the Warwickshire Club, receiving a stroke, was two up on him with two to play; but Mr. Croome squared the match on the eighteenth green and won it on the twentieth. The following heat was the semi-final. In this, Mr. Croome went off quickly with a lead of three holes from Mr. R. C. Oppenheimer; but the latter's liberal handicap of sixteen and determined courage combined to win him the match on the last green. The other semi-final tie was a similar contest of a plus man, Mr. F. Scarf of the Sandwell Park Club, owing one, against Mr. Bowlby, the Eton master, who received fifteen. Here the fight was even more close and determined, for Mr. Scarf won only at the twentieth hole. The final, of thirty-six holes, was not so well contested; Mr. Scarf held the advantage throughout, was four up at the end of the first round, and won the long match by seven and six. He did a very good performance, starting with his penalty of a stroke, to run through a tournament such as this and win so gallantly in the end. Had the finish been between him and Mr. Croome it would have been yet more interesting and probably much more close.

WANTED—A LEFT-HANDED CLUB MAKER.

It is interesting to see that a left-handed golfer, Mr. A. C. Hamilton, won a tournament on the very fine but insufficiently-known links of Islay. It suggests the question why left-handed players as a general rule do not play better. In days of old there was Mr. A. O. Mackenzie who played for Oxford; more lately there is Mr. Healing (one of the two), and there is Mr. S. Whitfield, who has the power of playing a fine game on occasion, and no doubt there are other good ones; but the list is short, and curiously short in comparison with that of the first-class left-handed bats at cricket. I believe that I know part, at least, of the answer to the question—that there must be



HARLECH CASTLE.

a much greater difficulty in getting suited with a really well-made and well-fitting set of left-handed clubs. Of course, the selection is very much smaller, because so many more right-handed clubs, than left-handed, are made; but it is also likely to be true that it is much more difficult for even the most intelligent club-maker to make a club properly adjusted to all the needs of a left-hander—the club-maker himself in all probability being right-handed. And this suggests a possibility for the club-making profession. Is there not somewhere a left-handed player in that profession, and could he not, at one and the same time, do a very good turn to the noble army of left-handed martyrs, and also build up a good business for himself, by catering especially for their needs and advertising himself as so doing? There are not many of the very best players in the world who are left-handed; but if a maker could attract the custom of a large percentage of the rank and file who are left-handed he would get work enough to keep himself profitably busy.

PROMISING PUPILS FOR THE GOLF SCHOOL.

A correspondent has very kindly enclosed me a list of the scholars at the new school of golf which has been established in the Botanic Gardens. The idea of the school is, of course, to improve the golf of its scholars and teach those who are not yet golfers the rudiments of its culture. The list sent is headed by the names of J. Braid, J. H. Taylor and H. Varlow, and we hope that we may see much improvement in their play as the result. Altogether, my correspondent says that there is a very promising list of pupils. Unfortunately, there are certain internal evidences in his letter which make me question whether it is all written in perfectly good faith. He ought, of course, to know better than to write with any ironical intent to one in my responsible position—but "you never can tell."

NEW GOLF CLUB AT STOKE PAGES.

The preliminary announcement is issued of a new golf club which it is proposed to form at Stoke Park, near Slough, under the title of the Stoke Pages Golf Club. It appears that it will be on rather a bigger scale than

the ordinary golf club, combining all that means with some of the features of the American "Country Club," for the idea is to take into the scheme the whole of the "amenities" of the park, including some 250 acres, with one or two fine pieces of water, lawn-tennis courts, croquet-grounds, etc., and the house is of a size which will admit of bedrooms for members, and is on a scale with which perhaps only the Sudbrook Park Club-house and that of the Chislehurst Golf Club (at one time the home of the Empress Eugénie) can compare in this country. Mr. Ha Colt has reported very favourably on the soil and the general qualities of the ground for golf. It is stated that the course is only about a mile from Slough Station and on a fine motoring road (the Bath Road) from London, so that access should not be at all difficult.

FAMILIAR NAMES IN THE WEST.

From Westward Ho! comes the account of a four-ball match that recalls, in the names of the players, days that are long gone by in the West Country. The sides were composed of Mr. Arthur Molesworth with Taylor for the one, and Jack Fulford and George Cawsey for the other, and all these are as household words to the Westward Ho! golfer of any respectable age. Mr. Molesworth and his partner won easily, but I gather from the account of the match that the professional, playing very finely, did more than his fair share of the work in this, which was a four-ball match. Mr. Molesworth has now to carry the burden of more than half a century of years, and of late has not been playing in any public matches; but in the early eighties he was just about one of the best amateurs going, and at that time the amateurs were nearer the professionals in quality of golf than they are now. Playing with a short half swing, even for the full driving strokes, he yet had plenty of power and knew the game thoroughly, playing every stroke on the board. It was not an elegant style, but was very effective. Mr. Molesworth is the son of that Captain Molesworth, an octogenarian, but still a golfer, who has lately been retelling the tale of how he played eight rounds in a day, carrying his own clubs and walking to and fro his house, which made an additional distance of some six or seven miles. H. G. H.

LADIES IN OPEN TOURNAMENTS.

What has come to be known as the "feminist" movement in this country and in France made a surprising inroad in the golf domain the other day. Its object is, of course, to assert the equality of the sexes; and in an open golf tournament at Silloth recently three lady competitors entered their names among the eighty-two male golfers who had assembled from various parts of the country. On the first day of the Silloth meeting there was a handicap stroke competition over eighteen holes for prizes. The three ladies who were bold enough to try their fortunes against the men were Miss C. Leitch, who played such a dashing and brilliant game in the ladies' championship at St. Andrews a couple of months ago, her sister, Miss Mary Leitch, and Miss K. Stewart of the St. Rule Club. All of them have the boldness and courage of youth, and the play of Miss Leitch right up to her last round in the final of the ladies' championship not only created widespread interest and admiration among those who witnessed her skill and nerve, but led everyone to predict that, with health and strength, a quite exceptional lady golfer has appeared likely to create for herself a brilliant future. In the Silloth competition, however, these young ladies did not succeed in winning. But the appearance of lady players in an open

competition is at least a novelty, if, indeed, it is not actually the first occasion on which it has happened.

A NOVELTY IN FOURSOME COMPETITIONS.

It is a pleasant variation of the foursome competition in an open tournament to find the local professionals bracketed with the secretaries as representative of each club. This was the plan adopted last week at the successful open meeting of the Harlelot Country Club near Boulogne. There were competing Le Touquet, Boulogne, West Herts (Mr. Howard Williams and Tungey); Tom Vardon, with Mr. Ryder Richardson, intended to represent the Royal St. George's, but, owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Ryder Richardson, Vardon had to play the passive part of a critical spectator. The winners were Mr. John Dunn and A. F. Cunningham (a professional from St. Andrews, now in residence at Harlelot). Mr. Dunn and Cunningham had a score of 310 for seventy-two holes, showing an average of 77½ for each round of eighteen holes. This is good scoring in view of the fact that a great deal of green work has been in progress at Harlelot, and the course is necessarily a little on the rough side. A foursome competition on much the same lines was seen in the first year's play of the London Foursome Tournament, when Mr. Herbert Fowler partnered I. Braid as representatives of Walton Heath, and Taylor was one of the players representing Mid-Surrey. A. J. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH ON HIS EIGHT ROUNDS IN A DAY.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to an article, "On the Green," by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in your paper of August 8th, comparing the eight rounds played by me and nine rounds played by Mr. Harry Lumden. I never considered that I had performed any extraordinary feat, nor had I ever given any detailed account thereof until I was requested to do so by Major Gorton, president of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, for insertion in COUNTRY LIFE. Now, I had simply to play eight rounds under certain

conditions for a wager (not a large one) which, when Mr. Everard paid me, I put in my pocket and walked home. Mr. Horace Hutchinson very kindly intimates that carrying my own clubs was disadvantageous to me, and I though I have much respect for his opinion and admiration for the power with which he wields his pen and his golf clubs, I must point out that it was all in my favour. In the first place, I could walk at my fastest pace, and had not to wait for a caddie or to abuse one if he did not give me the right club, or black-guard him if I "plunked" my ball into the thickest of rushes and he could not find it. I only carried three clubs, and had not to stoop to pick them up, as they came to hand almost automatically. Nor had I to kneel to make a tee, as I did not require one. My stooping was confined to only 144 times, to obtain my ball from its hole. Now, these clubs, which were christened by me, were known to golfers on the battlefields of St. Andrews, Prestwick, Hoylake and other links in the sixties as Faith, Hope and Charity, and the greatest of these was my putter. On one occasion, when I was playing an important match with Johnny Allan, the professional, as my partner, and upon the result of which over £150 depended, I, with the humility of a blower to his organist, said, "Johnny, if it will give you greater confidence in me, I will take a caddie and a bundle of clubs"; but he objected, "Stick to your three clubs and carry them as per usual." In the matter of that match his judgment proved to be sound. Thus carrying my clubs was no detriment to me; but, on the contrary, it eased my mind and my day's labour and enabled me to keep the three markers on the move. If Mr. Harry Lumsden had schooled himself to this practice as I had done, I do not see why he should not in the month of August, between sunrise and sunset, put in ten rounds, or more. Mr. Hutchinson further implies that my eating only an apple and some biscuits after an early moderate meal was less conducive to vigour than

the "whisky, which is sometimes consumed" by Aberdonians. Here, again, he shows his partiality for his Westward Ho! friend, and thinks he used himself hardly, but not so. I was at the time a young man in good health, not quite fifty years of age; my mind was pleasantly occupied with a self-imposed recreation, which required more than everyday exertion, but nothing excessive. Anyone under such conditions, provided he had little or next to nothing in his stomach and did not suffer from tender feet, could, if he put his mind to it, accomplish what I did on the links—and in more. I was about before daylight, when probably a glass of milk and some bread and butter sufficed for the early morning meal. And as to my diet on the particular day, I did not depart from my usual custom beyond filling up the interstices with an apple and biscuits on account of the earlier meal. As a rule, I neither eat nor drink anything between breakfast and dinner. When this is so, I neither suffer from thirst nor perspiration—I feel as fresh as a fresh herring. On my return home, towards sundown, I enjoyed a light meal and afterwards played billiards with a guest till near midnight, slept well, and rose early for my daily avocation. To me there is nothing so exhausting as a heavy lunch or dinner, with what has to follow. My theory and practice may be right or wrong. It suits me, and I thank Providence that my sight is as clear, hearing as good, and hands as steady as they were when I was half my present age. I was able to play, on the day I am writing this, two matches of eighteen holes each over the now extended course with nothing whatever between my lips, from breakfast at 9 a.m. and dinner at 7 p.m., but a pip of the mildest mixture. As to the six miles' walk, to which allusion is made, from my house to the hut and back, over a hilly road, for choice I would prefer nine miles of walking over the springy turf following the gully into the numerous little resting holes to six on the road.—G. M. F. MOLESWORTH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRACK CUTTER OF HER TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest your report of the Cowes Week in COUNTRY LIFE of the 15th inst., but on page 214 there is a slight error when you state that the "Bloodhound, built in 1874, was the crack cutter of her time." I think, if you will refer to the records, you will find that from that year onward there were five cutters taking part in the 40-ton class (at that time much the most interesting class) races round our coasts. Of these the Myosotis (owned by the late Mr. H. Dunbar McMaster), Norman, Bloodhound and Britannia were the most successful, but the first-named headed the list of winners for three successive years with £540, £770 and £740 respectively in 1875, 1877 and 1878 (I think). Most yachtsmen would, I believe, have placed Norman second and Bloodhound third; but I know my brother always thought that there was little to choose between these three, and that the Myosotis had the advantage of the others in being sailed by the late William O'Neil, whom he had trained on the old 20-ton Surprise, and who, when he sold the Myosotis, sailed the Irex and Samocera so successfully for Mr. Jamieson that he was styled the "Fred Archer of the seas." The Bloodhound certainly was always a crack boat, but not the best of her time.—A. A. McMASTER.

TWIN ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "H. P.," on page 272 of your recent issue, asks whether or not it is an uncommon thing for twin roses to grow from one calyx, as in the illustration that accompanies his query. Twin roses are not an uncommon occurrence; I have seen them in my own garden and in those of friends, but they are not often so perfect as the one photographed. Usually they are accompanied, or caused (though not always), by a fasciation of the stem. I had a Frau Karl Duschki this year where three distinct stems formed the fasciation, each of which produced a flower; but they were complete in all their parts. The twin rose illustrated appears to have not only one stem that is not unusual, but also to have only one calyx—and in this latter fact lies the peculiarity of this particular flower—and I am inclined to think that, although your correspondent states there is only one calyx, on careful examination it will be found that there are two enclosed possibly in one envelope, in which case the only thing abnormal would be the suppression of the pot-stalk or pedicle, and possibly the excellent shape of the individual flowers. Possibly before destroying the flower your correspondent may have cut open the calyx; if so, I shall be glad to learn if my supposition is correct. These flower freaks of Nature are generally the result of either the suppression or the accentuation to abnormality of some particular part, and are, I agree, seldom beautiful, although often interesting. I do not quite follow your remark that the twin rose illustrated "reminds one of the so-called 'decorative' hybrids in which the flowers are clustered together." Was it written sarcastically, I wonder?—HERBERT E. MOLYNEUX.

A COUNTY COUNCIL ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I as the writer of the article asked if the procedure at other county council enquiries resembled the one he attended, and I am glad to find from your correspondent's letter that such is not the case in his county. But it seems to me the method of your correspondent is not free from objection. If the real work is done before the enquiry is held, what is the good of holding it? It also has an uncomfortable look that the persons holding the enquiry have already made up their minds on the land they want and the suitability of the applicants. The enquiry described in the article was, I agree, not ideal; but I do not see that the other mode is any better, and while the one was all open and above board, the other is secret. Those persons who got land might very well be content, but those who did not will not, I should imagine, like the procedure. It would also be instructive to know how far the Board of Agriculture approve of the direct contravention of their rules in the method described. According to the Board, on land being acquired by a county council, it is to be balloted for among all the approved applicants,

not, as seems to be done here, a certain number of men picked out by the committee to have land and the others left out in the cold. It would be interesting to hear what action the eligible applicants who are not provided with land take in the county Mr. Fordham describes.—INQUIRER.

GOOSEBERRY MILDEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interests of fruit-growers throughout Essex, it is expedient that the greatest possible publicity should be given to the fact that, after extensive ravages in many of the Eastern Counties, the American gooseberry mildew has at length appeared in our county. A Gooseberry Mildew Order will be issued by the Board of Agriculture, as a natural corollary, and growers should see that every effort is put forward to ensure the efficient working of the Order on their part. The mildew, as its name implies, is a native of America, and was unknown in Great Britain till 1903, when it was found in two Irish counties; by 1907 it had spread to no fewer than twenty-one counties. In respect to the damage done by the disease, Dr. Pethybridge says: "As regards Ireland, it is no extreme view of the case to state that the losses have been in many cases most serious, and unless the disease is checked we are threatened with nothing less than the total loss of the profitable cultivation of the gooseberry as a bush fruit."—C. A. BALAND.

CO-OPERATION AND SMALL HOLDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To make small holdings economically successful, both to the small holder himself and to the country as a whole, the spirit of co-operation should be brought into play. Wherever it is understood that keeping stock is to be the main feature of small holdings, large buildings should be erected in a central position and where there are facilities for obtaining water. Where cottages are grouped together, as it is probable that they may be, these out-buildings should form a portion of the cartage of the homesteads. Buildings must be more economically erected, and a large building used in common by a group of small holders could be built for less money and more substantially than a number of unsightly little sheds, with corrugated iron roofs, or with half-torn wind-flapping felt coverings, which destroy the beauty of rural England. To have these tarred and felted black boxes springing up all over our verdant fields, with their attendant sloughs of liquid manure, enclosed by barbed wire, would be not only an expensive, but also a retrograde step in our agricultural development. In the first place, I suggest that a large rat-proof granary be built. Every small holder to-day pays about 20 per cent. more than the large farmer who buys his cake or meal or fertilisers in 2-ton lots. For instance, I have to pay my miller about 9s. per cwt. for linseed cake, whereas the large farmer a stone's throw away gets it at £7 10s. per ton. One cwt. of basic slag costs me 6s. per cwt., which, if I bought it by the ton would amount to only 3s. per cwt. I have paid 15s. per cwt. for nitrate of soda, which if I bought it by the 2-ton lot would have come to no more than 10s. per cwt. Every small holder who has his individual cornbin allotted to him in the granary, and his portion of the collectively-purchased stuff measured out on the arrival of the grain or cake or fertiliser, could keep his own grain under lock and key if he wished to do so. The old laborious habit of each one spending a good deal of valuable time in pumping up water from a well, or fetching it from a dirty and distant pond in pails, should be superseded by the more scientific way of obtaining water easily by means of a steel windmill erected over a well or by motor power. Motor power, though the more expensive, is probably the better, and should be used to the uttermost to lessen all forms of arduous and exhausting labour on the small holdings; for, without labour-saving machinery, the life of the small holder in England is likely to be as hard as that of the peasant on the Continent, and as penurious, if each holder works separately. Motor power, for instance, should be used for supplying water, chaffing hay, pulping roots, crushing cats, cracking cake, and even utilised for milking the cows by working the milking-machine. Not only would the work be more efficiently done, but there would be a great saving of time. All heavy work, such as cleaning out cowsheds and drawing liquid manure out of a tank, should be

done by machinery. The heavy, solid manure should be loaded into trucks, run out of the shed and tipped into a pit. The county council could charge each small holder for stall room, and so much for the working expenses and wear and tear of the machinery, based on a time scale. Suitable stables should be erected for the farm horse. In some cases a small holder may prefer to pay rent for the use of a stall for his horse, or, in the event of the county council or co-operative association owning the horses, the cost of stabling and their upkeep would come out of the charges fixed for horse hire to each holder. Substantial piggeries should be built, with sanitary arrangements for the preservation of the liquid manure. Rent, of course, would be charged on each sty occupied. Dutch barns for the stacking of the hay should also be erected, and rent charged according to space used for each holder's hay crop. The county council, or the Board of Agriculture, should buy the land and build the cottages and farm buildings. (To build houses



on land leased for thirty-five years, renewable for another thirty-five, is hardly good enough as a business arrangement for the community to enter into.) The county council, knowing the number of suitable applicants for small holdings that they would have to deal with, and possessing full knowledge of what stock these small holders intended to keep, would then arrange for the erection and the introduction of the necessary fixed machinery as well as the buildings. After the small holdings are fully equipped on the lines I have briefly sketched, it should be the business of the Small Holders' Co-operative Society to raise funds, by Government or county council aid, to equip the holdings with the very latest agricultural machines, such as the self-binder and the mowing-machine. These agricultural implements could be used either by each small holder individually, or certain of the larger fields might be farmed co-operatively by all the members. The Co-operative Society should buy in large quantities, on the best possible terms, all the requisite feeding-stuffs, fertilisers, seeds, coals, etc. In the event of the Board of Agriculture not following the splendid example of the Government of Hungary, which has purchased bulls, boars and stallions for the benefit of their farmers, and thereby of the whole State, each Small Holders' Co-operative Society, according to its strength in membership and the number of stock kept, should purchase a first-class bull and a pedigree boar. It may be that by this means it will be the poor yeoman who will raise the standard of excellence of the cattle in this country.—F. E. GREEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I believe myself that co-operation would go a long way towards solving the problem of farming small holdings successfully, but from my knowledge of the English labourer in the South, at any rate, fear he will never adopt it. When he works alone it will be found his stock tends to degenerate, and he rarely can survive the loss of an animal through disease or accident.—P.

CATS' AGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can and will give me instances of longevity in the ordinary or domestic cat, or will give me views—based on experience—as to what is green old age in grimaldin's case? Many of my friends have such limited intercourse with, or knowledge of, their feline staff that the statistics I want are not easy to collect.—G.

WEED MARE'S-TAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can anyone tell me how to exterminate a weed pest in the garden? It is commonly known, I think, as mare's-tail. Being many jointed, it

breaks off when pulled, and has a very long root, which also breaks and is very difficult to dig up. If a patch is apparently cleaned, in a very few days it is again a mass of shoots.—E. M. PRICHARD.

[We fear your only remedy is to pull continually or cut or hoe down the weed during its season of growth. There is nothing you could apply to the soil to get rid of the pest, and the above, if tried, will, if persisted in, prove the conqueror in the long run. If in addition to the above weakening process you could in winter-time trench the ground, a very considerable reduction by hand-picking should be effected.—ED.]

OLD RURAL POLICE-CELLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have much pleasure in forwarding the enclosed photographs in answer to your correspondent, Mr. Arthur O. Cooke, who enquires in your issue of August 8th if there are still to be found many of the old police-cells or "lock-ups." The photographs enclosed were taken in two Leicestershire villages—Breedon-on-the-Hill and Worthington. The latter village lies about two and a-half miles to the east of Breedon. There is, I believe, another specimen at Ticknall in Derbyshire, but I have not yet had the chance of seeing it. I trust that the photographs will be of interest.—STEPHEN WILSON.



FIRES IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The burnings of Burley-on-the-Hill and of Normanhurst have produced a very interesting crop of suggestions in your columns. Can any of your correspondents assign a cause to a mysterious recent roof fire at Erdlig Park near Wrexham? A smell of fire was noticed for some time in the attics. It was roughly located, and the timber-work in the space between the roof and the lath-and-plaster portion of one of the attic rooms was found to be on fire. It was a space to which there was no access—it was completely enclosed and never entered by man since the re-roofing of the house long ago. The only explanation so far suggested is that a match may have been carried there by a rat, and that the hot summer sun playing on the slates produced ignition. Luckily this was a case of preparedness. Hand grenades and other apparatus of the same kind had been provided in ample quantity, and the danger was quickly over. Erdlig, an old seat of the Yorkes, is a most interesting house dating from the Queen Anne period, and practically untouched in the matter of both its decorations and its furniture. All these are remarkable for their quantity, their quality and their condition. They are as their designers and craftsmen made them. In many cases on beds, sofas and chairs the original hangings and upholstery remain. The destruction of such a house would have been a real misfortune, and Mr. Philip Yorke, the present possessor, deserves thanks for his forethought in providing adequate fire preventives, and he must be heartily congratulated on the complete success which attended their use.—T.



WILD BIRDS IN AUSTRIA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When at Carlsbad in the beginning of July I noticed that the birds were much tamer than in England, doubtless owing to the strict regulations in Austria against their destruction. One day, while sitting in a view-house overlooking the city, a chaffinch settled on a birch tree about 5ft. or 6ft. from me, and having my Kodak with me I got a snap-shot of him while he was singing. The click of the shutter he did not mind, but went on singing. I enclose a photograph of him.—W. GARDNER.